PASSING EVENTS

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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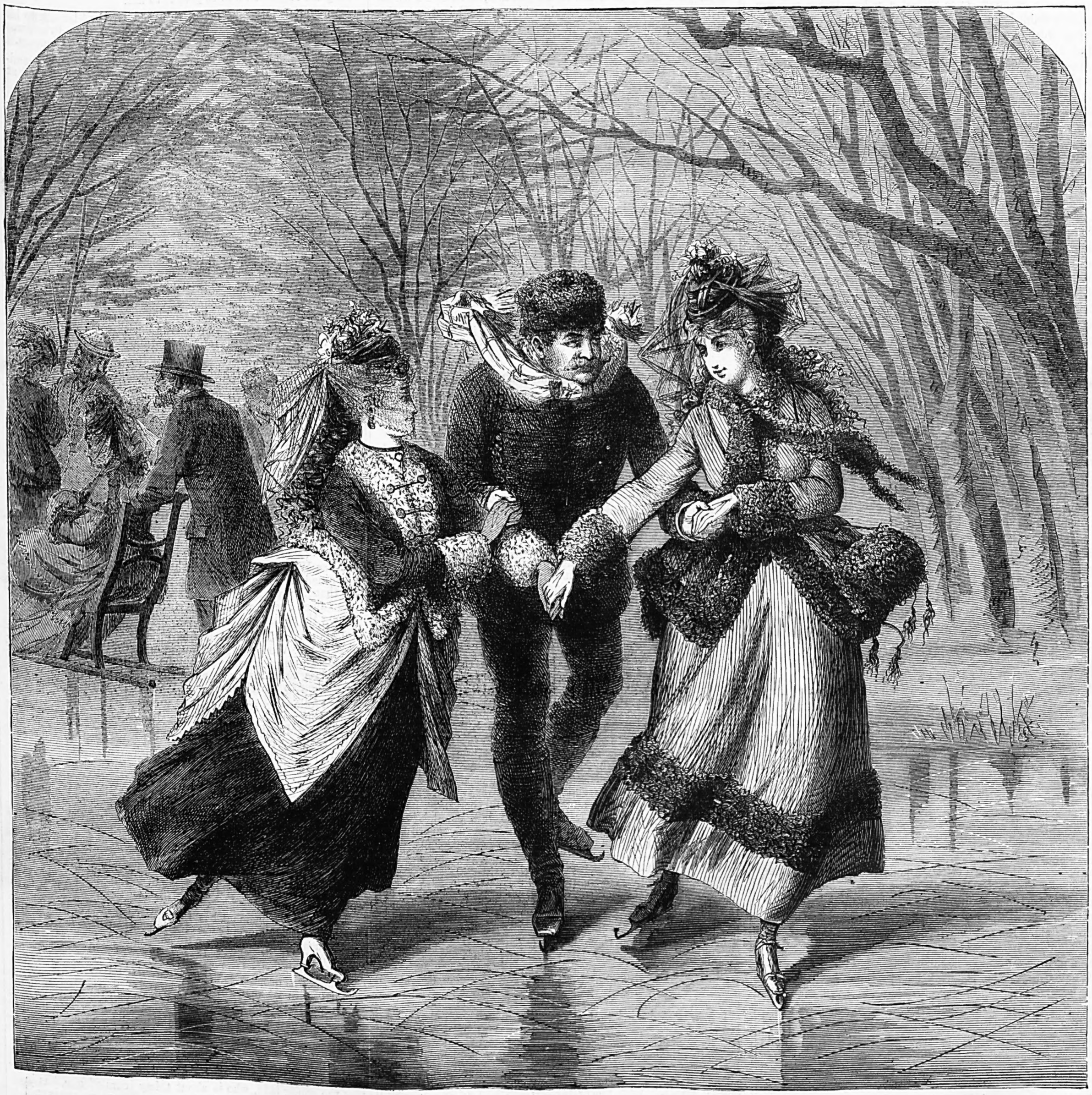

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THE POLICE-CELL SYSTEM.

AMONGST minor results of which the published statement of Dr. Hessel may be productive, we hope and trust that a reform of the police-cell system will be one.

The great mass of the nation passing through life without any connection with police courts and stations, these establishments being for the greater part in existence for the accommodation of those lowest of the lowest classes, with whom thieving, fighting, and drunkenness are the chapters of the daily life, the terrible nature of the police-station arrangements is not known; while those who suffer by them are either the men and women to whom we have referred, and who have no knowledge of protest by the way of a letter to the daily press, or people of a higher class, who, having by crime, fault, or misfortunate accident, once visited a police-station cell, are not likely publicly to identify themselves wich such imprisonment in order to call attention to its glaring defects.

But this is what may happen to any respectable man or woman. The victim may be accused of theft in the streets, and given into custody at the word of a passer-by. The prisoner—we will preferably suppose a man to be in this position—is taken to the station, where he endeavours to show that he is a respectable member of society. But the charge is made, the prosecutor may or may not give a true address, may or may not appear in the morning, and the prisoner is left to be dealt with by the primary officers of the law—the policemen. The officers, seeing the victim is respectable, may allow him to sit by the fire in the inspector's room; but if the police do their duty they will lock the man up. The place of his imprisonment will be a stone cell, unlit, a bench and a water-closet for all accommodation, while ventilation will probably depend upon a wicket opening upon the station-house yard. There are no arrangements for warming these ghastly holes—for they are nothing less; when the sufferer is not kept awake by the outcries of his drunken, furious, or complaining neighbours, the cold renders sleep impossible at the present season. And if it happens to be a holiday or a time of excitement, there being only three or four cells attached to each police-station, it may chance that the victim shall find himself lodged in company with three or four of the foulest wretches upon earth. Next morning no prosecutor appears. The prisoner protests, and he is told he leaves the court without a stain upon his character. And there the office of justice ends in relation to himself, and little or no inquiry is made with regard to the vanished prosecutor.

But the sufferer has passed a night which he can only compare to sleeping in his own coal-cellar, probably in such company that he brings away evidence of his recent companionship, and he ought to go into quarantine for a week. He has crept into court so wretched and cold that his appearance is in itself almost a sign of guilt, as the case of the unfortunate Dr. Hessel plainly evinces; and finally, the seeds of a lasting complaint may have been sown by the miseries of the night. And this is the treatment any Englishman may undergo at the will of the first unprincipled ruffian who owes him a grudge. No doubt the police are perfectly justified in giving every facility to seize and keep hold upon felons, but it is to be contended that, even in the case of known offenders, a man being assumed to be innocent until he is found to be guilty, all men primarily charged at a police-station with an imprisonable offence have a right to such treatment as that which would be extended to an innocent man. The shivering lines of wretches who file into our police-courts every morning are sufficient evidence of the unchristian character of the cell accommodation.

A prisoner, when only accused, when assumably at law an innocent man, is thrust into a hole in company with others, and depends upon friends or the mercy of the police to provide him with food. We maintain that a police-station cell should be simply a room of detention, plainly furnished, but fit for human habitation, and that each prisoner should be kept apart from the rest. The police cells of London are an abomination and a shame. The absence of all decency in connection with them is due to the fact of the miserable, well-nigh helpless social condition of the greater numbers of those who suffer by the system. Imagination fails to conceive the horror a young and comparatively innocent man must experience when awakening from a drunken fit in such a place as a police cell. To the moral depression is added the physical depression produced by the situation and atmosphere of the place, and, therefore, is it much to be wondered at that such awakening is too frequently followed by an immediate attempt at suicide?

Indeed, a parliamentary return of the suicides and attempted suicides committed in police cells during the last ten years, supposing that such a return could by any probability be obtained, would assuredly startle the public by the enormity of its revelations. It is not to the interests of the police that attempts at suicide in police-station cells should be made public, because the fact of a prisoner attempting suicide must necessarily lead to the impression that due care has not been exercised in watching him; nor is it to the interest of the ordinary police-court reporter, who depends very much upon the help of the police, to publish facts which may tell against the police. It therefore results that only when an attempt at suicide in a police cell is successful, or nearly successful, do the public come to know anything at all about the enormity of the system of primary imprisonment.

The whole police-cell system requires to be radically changed. It is far more infamous than the late system of casual relief to paupers. In the latter case blankets and mattresses were provided, and a slice of bread was open to acceptance. In the police cell the prisoner, innocent or guilty, is provided only with a stone wall and a wooden seat, while at law he cannot claim a crumb of bread or a cup of water.

DR. HESSEL has of course been acquitted. A *prima facie* case was certainly made out against him by his identification, by certain people who had seen the real murderer of Harriet Buswell, and under these circumstances his detention was perfectly justifiable. But we wish to call attention to two little facts which seem to have escaped notice, and which admirably illustrate the police idea of evidence. The police mind is, according to a contemporary, of the "small shop-keeping order;" and though it may seem that two and two are four, it utterly fails to appreciate two in relation to eight. If ever it theorizes, it does so on the Tenterden-steeple and Goodwin Sands principle. It worships Mrs. Glasse's maxim, "First catch your hare," and, having caught him, devotes its whole energy to getting up a case against him. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and whether the hare caught be the right one or no, all others are free to roam as they list whilst he is being prepared for the spit.

In Dr. Hessel's instance this passion for getting up a case was carried to an extent both painful and ludicrous. He or Mrs. Hessel had forwarded to the court from the Ramsgate Hotel some blood-stained handkerchiefs—seven in number. "Here," said the police, "is evidence. No one but a murderer,"—mark this, all afflicted with bleeding at the nose or lungs,—"can have seven blood-stained handkerchiefs." Now, the slightest amount of reflection ought to have convinced them that for seven pocket-handkerchiefs belonging to the murderer to have become stained with blood, they must have been in contact with his hands, or the victim's body, immediately after the crime. Therefore Dr. Hessel, always supposing him to be guilty, had no less than seven pocket-handkerchiefs about him when he stabbed Harriet Buswell, and used them to wipe up the blood. But the very fact of a man habitually carrying seven pocket-handkerchiefs in his pocket is enough in these days to induce a jury to acquit him on the ground of insanity. The second point lies in the fact of Dr. Hessel having bought some turpentine. Why? To remove stains. "Blood-stains, of course!" exclaim the police, triumphantly. But will turpentine remove blood-stains?

SELF PROTECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PASSING EVENTS."

SIR,—I read in several of your contemporaries an account of the disgraceful pranks played on Sunday last in St. James's Park by an organized gang of roughs, some two hundred in number, who diverted themselves by pelting with snow-balls every respectable person that happened to pass through that portion of the Ayrtonian domain. I also read a letter in one of the above-mentioned contemporaries a letter from one of the victims to this exhilarating pastime, in which he relates that, having succeeded in coming to close quarters with one of these Parthians, he proceeded, to use his own expressive terms, "to give a good account of him;" but that his father, less active and powerful, succumbed to the assault of numbers, and was knocked down and brutally kicked. Of course, during the whole of this transaction, police and park-keepers, all Ayrtonian edicts to the contrary notwithstanding, were, to use the term consecrated by such occasions, conspicuous by their absence.

Pondering over this matter, I fell into a melancholy frame of mind. If the citizens—despite its American perversion, that is the best term—if the citizens of the largest city in the world cannot obtain protection from their paid servants when walking in the pleasure grounds attached to that city, it would seem that the sooner they dispense with the services of these paid servants and take the matter into their own hands the better. I do not mean to advocate the formation of Vigilance Committees, but let a couple of score of respectable men, determined to stand no nonsense, go down when the next affair of this kind occurs and put a stop to it. There might be some damage done, and there would certainly be a great outcry about the law being taken into people's own hands, but there would be no need of a repetition. When the inhabitants of Islington, goaded beyond endurance by Sunday outrages of a similar kind, which the police resolutely failed to notice, formed a committee, and sallied forth with canes to break over young ruffians' backs, there was a similar outcry, and a quantity of cross-summoning for assault and hard swearing. But the end was accomplished; the police dared not remain quiet any longer, so woke up and did their duty, and we heard of no more Sunday rioting for months. Let us do the same with the parks. Ah! if by shovelling up some of the snow that has lain for days in a filthy black mass in the street we could only shame the parish-paid contractors into doing their duty and removing it, what a triumph it would be! But these are not to be moved by example.

It may be pleaded that violence is to be abhorred, that brawls are unseemly, and that in these days of sweetness and light, and universal arbitration, the art of teaching the hands to protect the head is obsolete. For England's sake I trust not. In all large populations there must be a strong percentage of ruffianism only to be checked by superior power, whether that power takes the shape of a soldier's musket, a policeman's staff, or the fist of a man not disposed to stand any nonsense.

YOUR ECCENTRIC CORRESPONDNET.

PERSONAL.

PRINCE LEOPOLD resumed work at Oxford on Saturday.

THE Infanta Donna Izabel Maria of Portugal is seriously ill.

PRINCE BISMARCK is still troubled with acute neuralgic pain.

MR. M. T. BASS, the senior member for Derby, is suffering from serious illness.

THE King of Sweden is to be crowned at Stockholm on the 21st of May.

THE Emperor of Germany's visit to the Vienna Exhibition is announced for the first fortnight in June.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* states that Mr. Cardwell is at present engaged in forming a light brigade.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR has, it is said, decided to prolong his stay at Rome.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have arrived at Marlborough House for the season.

QUEEN MARIA VICTORIA OF SPAIN was safely confined on the 29th ult. of a prince. The mother and child are progressing well.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT, M.P., has commenced a course of lectures in the University of Cambridge on "Local and Imperial Taxation."

THE Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres has elected M. Wallon as perpetual secretary, in the room of M. Guigniaug, resigned.

IT is said that Sir Henry Thomson made a drawing of the face of his Imperial patient shortly after death, and that the Empress requested him to give it to her.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON returned on the 31st ult. to his new private residence on Woolwich-common. The Prince was accompanied by his fellow-cadet and associate, M. Conneau.

COLONEL J. WILSON-PATTEN, M.P., has been taken suddenly ill, and his medical adviser has ordered him not at present to leave his room.

LORD OSSINGTON, the late Speaker of the House of Commons, is dangerously unwell. He suffers from bronchitis as well as from paralysis.

MR. W. SAVILLE KENT, of the British Museum, has succeeded the late Mr. J. K. Lord as manager of the Brighton Aquarium.

THE Pope, in conversation with M. de Corcelles, has declared that if the Italian Government suppressed the establishments of the heads of religious orders in Rome he would feel compelled to leave the Eternal City.

MR. RANDOLPH ROGERS, the American sculptor, has just been elected member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke. He is the first American sculptor upon whom this rare and distinguished honour has been conferred.

IT is stated that the honour of knighthood will be conferred on Mr. William Hamilton, consul at Boulogne, on his retirement after 50 years' service. We must revive the old pun, that after so long a service a "good night" is but natural.

CONTRARY to report, which said that each of the five sons of the Khedive had had a wife apportioned to him, we now hear that the eldest son had two wives assigned to him, showing that there is some disadvantage, after all, in being first-born.

THE Marquis Townsend announces by advertisement in the *Times* that, as he is giving up the preservation of game, he is anxious to get a situation for his head keeper. If the keeper is like his master, the best situation for him would be that of School Board Officer.

THE American papers announce that the author of "Adam Bede" is likely to pay the United States a visit. They add, that of no living English writer of eminence has the American public so little purely personal information as of George Eliot, much, no doubt, to the latter's satisfaction.

MISS WOODHEAD, a student at Girton College, was recently examined in mathematics by a Cambridge M.A., appointed for that purpose by the examiners for the mathematical tripos. She gained such a number of marks as would have placed her among the senior optimes.

IT is stated that the Sultan entertains the idea of paying a visit to the Vienna Exhibition, in which case his eldest son, Prince Youssouf Izzedin, would be appointed regent. This project is regarded as paving the way for proclaiming the prince heir to the throne.

THE following gentlemen have received intimation from the Lord Chancellor that they are to be appointed Queen's Counsel:—Mr. Watkin Williams, M.P., of the Home Circuit; Mr. Littler, Northern Circuit; Mr. Metcalfe, Norfolk Circuit; and Mr. James Bowen, South Wales and Chester Circuit.

THE *Nazione* replies to numoerus enquiries corncerning the man who swallowed the fork, to whom we alluded in our last number. It appears that he is very well, and feels neither pain nor nausea. In fact, his health is so good that some of the doctors think the whole story a myth. It is, however, an indisputable fact that Cipriani has been for nine months under treatment, and that he became attenuated even to prostration, and evidently suffered a great deal. Like many people who could be named, he has no intention of forking up.

A SINGULAR elopement has taken place from Nottingham. Last Wednesday morning an elderly gentleman residing at a village near Southwell came to Nottingham, with his wife and only daughter, the carriage being driven by the coachman. They put up at the Lion Hotel, in Clumber-street, and the coachman was ordered to have the carriage ready to return home at half-past one. At that hour the carriage was not ready, and the coachman could not be found, the young lady being also missing. The gentleman and his wife waited until five o'clock, and, as the coachman did not "turn up," one of the servants at the Lion was engaged to drive the carriage home. It was afterwards ascertained that the coachman and his young mistress hired a cab, and were driven to Loughborough. Nothing has been heard of them since. It is said that the young lady, who is about thirty years of age, has in her own right an income of £300 a year. The coachman is said to be almost fifty years of age, and has left at the village on his master's estate a wife and four children.

AT HOME.

It is the intention of the Government to call out the Yeomanry Cavalry during the present year; and general officers commanding districts in Great Britain have been instructed to submit their proposals accordingly.

Northumberland House will come down after all. The Board of Works are to give the Duke £500,000 for it, and then demolish it, for the purpose of making the much-needed road from Charing-cross to the Thames Embankment.

Mr. Lucraft, a member of the London School Board, last week compared the conduct of the Board on the "religious difficulty" to a company of washerwomen over a tub. If they would only turn out something to wear—and that *will* wash.

At Dawlish the sea made a fresh breach in the South Devon Railway, washing out some of the permanent way, and rendering the state of that portion of the line more precarious than ever.

At Lydford, on the South Devon and Launceston Railway, the station-master was imprisoned in his office on Saturday night by a snow-drift. A train was detained while he was dug out.

Greenwich Hospital, having undergone great alterations, was opened as a Royal Naval College on Saturday, when fifty sub-lieutenants, most of whom had removed from the school at Portsmouth, took up their quarters in it as students.

In case the forthcoming boat race between Oxford and Cambridge should be rowed on the day already named, Saturday, April 5, the start will have to take place early in the morning, in consequence of the state of the tide on that day.

It is reported that a foreign Government, said to be that of Germany, has given orders to several firms in Birmingham for 2,000,000 small arms, and that the firms which have received this commission are bound over to secrecy as to patterns, &c.

The Home Secretary, upon consideration of the memorial of the five gas-stokers, presented by Mr. Mundella, has recommended the remission of eight months of the term of imprisonment. They will, therefore, be liberated after four months' imprisonment.

Two sailors who left Southampton on Saturday night for one of the mail ships lying in the river were driven ashore on Sunday in an open boat, having been frozen to death. A broken oar being in the boat, it is supposed that they got aground.

The building that once was Crockford's will, it is reported, be turned into an auction-room, to be called the St. James's Auction Rooms, on the principle of the Hotel des Ventes, at Paris. An influential company is being formed, and a special feature will be the exhibition of pictures by artists.

The Lord Mayor is about, as a tribute of respect to the principle of self-government, to give a banquet at the Mansion House to the mayors of every city, borough, and other corporate towns of England and Wales. Any excuse for a good dinner will be received without too searching inquiry into the cause.

It is reported that the colonel of one of the household regiments has taken a decided "header," having ordered for his splendid regiment 400 new helments. Fine opportunity for the costumiers of "Babil and Bijou" and other Amazonian entertainments to re-adorn their forces with the superseded headgear.

A fire broke out in the spinning-mill of Messrs. Holmes Brothers, woollen manufacturers and spinners, Glasgow, last week. The building, which was about 100 feet in length by 40 feet in breadth, was totally destroyed. The loss is estimated at £60,000, and is covered by insurance. Between 300 and 400 people will be thrown idle.

William Henry Beads, brother of a member of the Blackburn Town Council, was found dead on Sunday morning at the bottom of some steps leading to an unoccupied cellar in Blackburn. His face was surrounded by ice. He is supposed to have fallen down the cellar steps, and, having been stunned, to have been frozen to death.

Considerable dissatisfaction has arisen amongst the officers of the St. Lawrence Battalion of Jersey Militia, consequent on the promotion of an Artillery captain to the coloneley of that battalion. The officers sent in a protest to the Lieutenant-Governor, and on their refusal to apologize for their conduct eight have been deprived of their commission.

The strike of the chain cable makers terminated last week. After considerable negotiation, it has been arranged that the employers shall pay the advance of 3d. per cwt. upon all chains which meet the requirements of the new Act, by passing the public testing machine at Low Walker. The whole of the men out on strike have resumed work.

On Thursday morning, the 30th ult., between two and three o'clock, a most destructive fire broke out on the premises of Messrs. Haigh and Co., distillers, Hammersmith. The granary in which the fire broke out was a building of four storeys, and contained a very large amount of corn. The flames spread with amazing rapidity, and communicated to other parts of the distillery. The damage is very great.

With a view to save the lives of many of the misguided people who year by year leap into the Thames, especially from Waterloo-bridge, which has always been a favourite resort for persons resolved upon self-destruction, the committee of the Royal Humane Society have established a branch receiving-house on one of the floating piers on the City side of the bridge.

On Saturday night a train on the Stafford and Uttoxeter line, when within two miles of Stafford, met with a serious accident. The engine ran off the metals, and, coming in contact with the embankment, fell back on the carriages, three of which, together with the break-van, were seriously damaged. The engine-driver and stoker were killed, and one passenger, a reporter, had both legs broken.

A young woman named Elizabeth Nerley, living at No. 3, Coburg-street, Euston-square, was stricken with blindness about six weeks ago. On Friday evening last her mother went out leaving her sitting by the fire. During the mother's absence some neighbours heard screams, and found deceased lying on the pavement in a pool of blood. She was immediately conveyed to the hospital, but life was found to be extinct. From the fact of the room window being found open, it is supposed that she accidentally fell out of the window.

On Friday night much alarm was caused in Piccadilly by a report that Bath House, the residence of Lord Ashburton, was on fire. When the Fire Brigade arrived it was found that the drawing-room of the mansion, which contains numerous costly works of art, was in flames, and before they could be extinguished that apartment, together with its valuable contents had been severely damaged.

Final evidence, which, however, revealed no new facts, has been heard before Dr. Lankester, the coroner, and a jury, in the case of Harriet Buswell. A formal proof of alibi was put in on behalf of Dr. Hessel; and, after deliberating for some time, the jury returned a verdict that the unfortunate woman had been murdered "by some person unknown"—adding an expression of their belief that the police had fully done their duty.

Early on Saturday morning a serious accident occurred in Manchester. Owing to the intense frost a branch iron pipe leading from the central gas main into a house in Mason-street burst at a point near its entrance to the house. The cellar of the house speedily got filled with gas, which penetrated to the bedrooms. The inmates narrowly escaped suffocation in their beds. Four of them were found insensible, and were taken to the Royal Infirmary.

Shortly after three o'clock on the Friday of last week, a young woman was taken ill opposite the gates of St. Thomas's Hospital, and in a few minutes a female child was born. A friend who was with her called for assistance, and one of the medical staff of the hospital hastened to the spot, and had the mother and child conveyed inside, where every attention was at once bestowed upon them, and they are progressing very favourably.

On Friday afternoon Dr. Diplock resumed and concluded the inquiry at the Queen's Head, Heston, into the circumstances attending the death of Eliza Westwood, whose husband is now in custody charged with having murdered her, on Saturday night last, at Heston. The jury, after deliberating in private for about half an hour, returned a verdict of manslaughter, and the witnesses were bound over to attend at the Old Bailey.

At the expiration of nearly 787 years from the completion of the work of William the Conqueror in 1086, we are to have a new edition of the Domesday Book—a new statement of the ownership of land. We understand that the work is rapidly progressing under the management of the Local Government Board, at whose office half a dozen gentlemen are constantly employed upon the returns, the local operations being conducted by the clerks to the Boards of Guardians, who are specially paid for the labour.

Carts are constantly to be seen in the streets laden with joints of meat, and dirty-looking drivers will sit perched upon some portion of a joint in the carts instead of a properly provided seat. Now, it is not pleasant when sitting down to a joint of beef or a leg of mutton for dinner to reflect that this may be the identical joint which has served a man as a seat for miles. Will the butchers of London excuse the suggestion that a proper seat should be provided, and also that a clean cloth should be thrown over the meat as a protection from dirt.

At a meeting of the Dover Town Council, it was decided that an invitation should be sent to the Easter Monday Review Committee, asking that the review should be held this year in Dover, though a letter from London was read, stating that it was very unlikely that the review would be held at all, owing to several of the commanding officers being opposed to it. The review may not do the volunteers taking part in it any good, but it certainly serves to keep the movement before the public.

London was visited on Sunday by an unusually heavy snow storm. It began early in the morning and continued, with occasional intermissions, all day, and being accompanied by a sharp frost, it speedily blocked the streets. After the middle of the day the omnibuses and tramway cars gave up running, and towards night it was difficult to procure a cab. Before the storm set in a fierce gale blew for several hours from the east-south-east. The gale appears to have caused much damage on the coasts, and the fall of snow has been as heavy in some parts of the country as in London.

At Leadenham, a few days since, three children of Mr. R. N. Morley went on a pond to skate. Fortunately they were accompanied by a Mr. Dethier, of Dorking. After skating some time the eldest, a girl of fourteen years of age, fell, and her fall caused the ice to break, and she and one of her brothers were submerged. The other little boy, about eight years of age, went to their assistance, but he also fell into the water. Mr. Dethier at once leaped in and swam to the girl, who grasped him round the neck, but, getting disengaged, he succeeded in getting her to the bank. Mr. Dethier then rescued the two boys, one after another.

The Mayor of Wrexham gave a dinner a short time back at the Wynnstay Arms Hotel, to the members of the Corporation and others. The magistrates of Wrexham have fixed the hours of closing at ten o'clock, but a special license was granted for the night to the hotel to remain open until twelve o'clock. The dinner was announced for half-past six, but it was much later when it commenced. However, all went on as merry as a marriage-bell until midnight approached, and but half the toast list had been gone through. What was to be done? A legal gentleman present thought that the magistrates present could grant a further extension of time, but none of them would run any risk and comply; consequently, a general stampede took place, no one wishing to render himself liable to a fine for being in a public-house during illegal hours.

A painful impression was produced at Ramsgate last week by the melancholy death of the Rev. Abraham Borradaile, incumbent of St. Mary's, Tothill-fields, Westminster. The deceased gentleman had been accustomed to spend some months every year at Ramsgate on account of ill-health; and on Thursday morning he was walking with his two daughters at the head of the East Pier, Royal Harbour, when to their horror he suddenly leaped into the sea. Instantly three boatmen, Gore, Lambert, and Goldsmith, jumped after him, holding to ropes; but they were unsuccessful in their efforts, and Lambert was dashed against the pier by the waves and broke his jaw. The crew of one of the harbour tugs also did their utmost; but it was some time before a boatman named Fish succeeded in grappling the body, and then, although restoratives were applied under the guidance of two medical men who were immediately on the spot, all means were unavailing. The deepest sympathy was felt for Mr. Borradaile's daughters, who were frantic with grief.

AT SEA.

Another long list of casualties occasioned through the late disastrous gales has to be recorded.

Off Balbriggan the *Sarah* (schooner), of Runcorn, has been wrecked, and her crew (three men and a boy), perished. In an heroic attempt to save them, six of the volunteer crew of a lifeboat were washed out and drowned.

A brigantine laden with pig-iron ran ashore on Saturday at Kilcool, on the Wicklow coast. The rocket apparatus was used, and one alone of the crew (a boy) was saved; the remainder, six in number, perished.

At Yarmouth, on Sunday, a Russian schooner was driven ashore. The crew—seven in all, with two Lowestoft smacksmen who had taken charge of the ship on the previous day—were rescued by the lifeboat.

During Monday's storm the St. Ives lifeboat did noble work, proceeding five times to ships in danger, and taking off the crews of three vessels—the *Mary Ann*, of Plymouth; the *Francis*, of Porthcawl; and the *Rambler*, of Carnarvon. Two of the hands of the latter vessel were washed overboard by a tremendous sea and drowned.

A screw-steamer, the *Woodham* of Christiania, laden with coals and soda, was driven on the rocks about half a mile from shore, off Chilton Chine, Isle of Wight, on Sunday morning, and became a complete wreck. The ship's own boats were lowered, but were dashed to pieces. The lifeboat put off in a heavy sea and snowstorm, and saved the crew.

At the Scilly Isles the gale proved very severe. Over fifty ships have taken refuge in St. Mary's Roads, Scilly, and several of them are riding very heavily. One French vessel has already gone ashore on one of the smallest of the group of islands in passing through Crow Sound, but cannot be communicated with to learn her name, or whether the crew survive.

At Penzance, on Sunday evening, the schooner *Rose* drifted upon a sand-bank at the entrance of the harbour; and then, swinging round, was driven fast on the rocks between the pier and the Esplanade, where she was exposed to the full force of the sea. Gallantly the pilot cutter manned a boat, which reached the schooner before the lifeboat could arrive, and brought ashore the crew.

A large schooner, the *Ada*, of Liverpool, struck on the rocks off Malahide, and her crew (three men and a boy) were the whole day exposed to the storm, the sea continually washing over them. Rockets were repeatedly fired over the vessel, but the hands were unable to help themselves, and must have perished, had not an ordinary shore-boat, manned by four brave fellows, pushed out, and, at the risk of their own lives, taken off the crew. The poor boy, however, died of exposure.

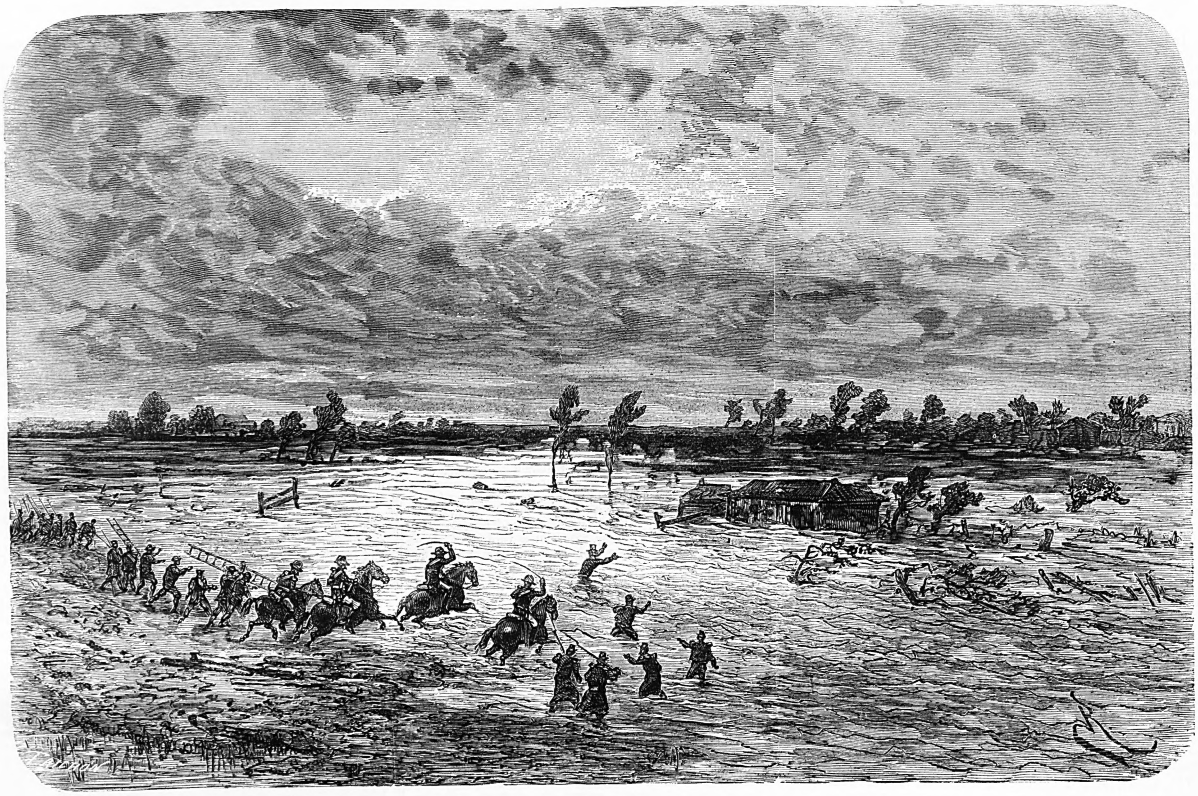
On Sunday night the lifeboat *Bradford* left Ramsgate in answer to signals of distress made by a barque on the east side of Goodwin Sands. When near the ship a tremendous sea broke over the boat, and washed overboard one of the crew, a young married man named William White. Every effort was made to save him, and as the poor fellow had on the regulation cork jacket, the boat cruised about till after daybreak in the hope of finding him, but to no purpose. Subsequently, the barque was got off and brought into Margate Roads.

During the hurricane on Saturday night the River Parania Steamship Company's steamer *Clan Alpine*, Captain Nilson, bound from Antwerp to Liverpool with a cargo of wool, silver ore, copper bars, and flour, went ashore at Blockhead, on the Lizard coast. The tremendous sea which was running made her speedy destruction inevitable, and she went to pieces in an hour or two. It has been ascertained that eighteen of the crew were saved, but Captain Nelson, Captain Burnett, the company's overlooker, as well as the first officer, chief steward, cook, and others, amounting in all to thirteen, perished.

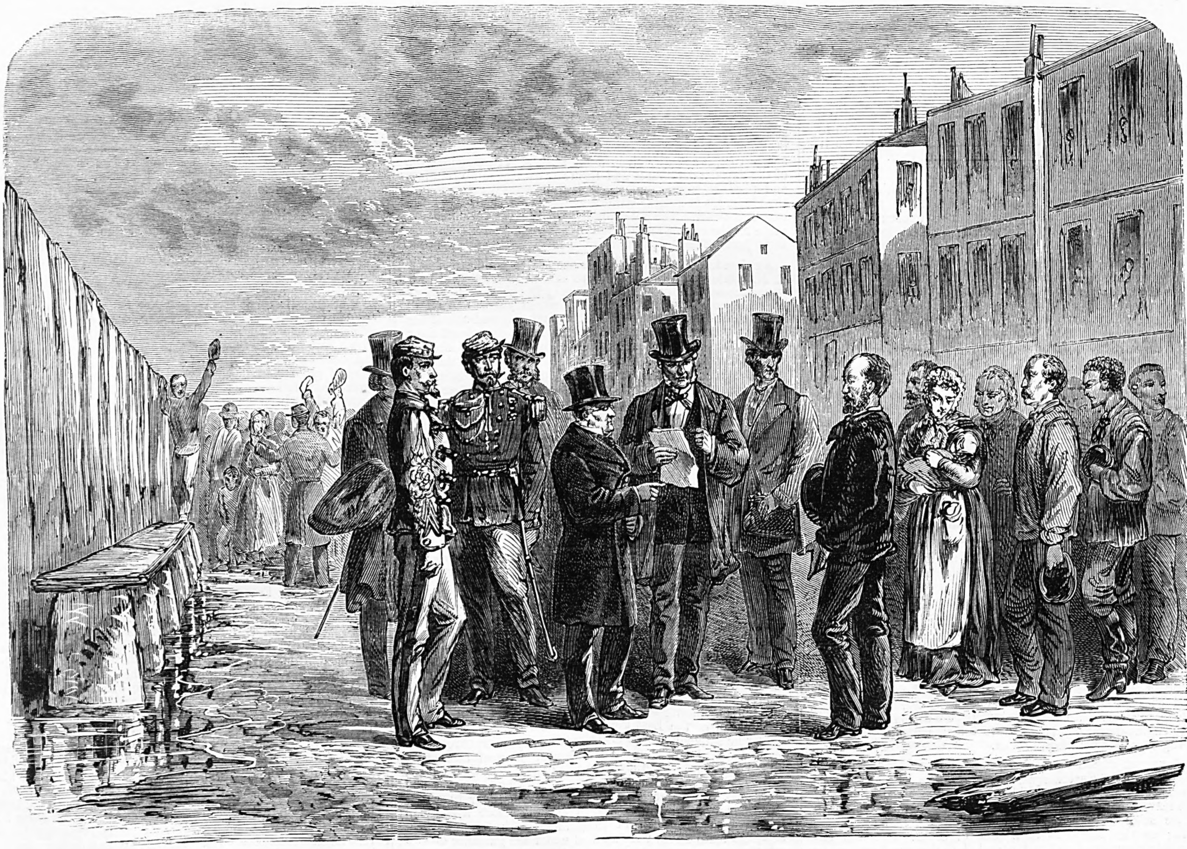
The French steamer *Periere*, from Glasgow to Havre, has put in at Holyhead, after having been in collision with the German barque *Laura*. The *Laura* was on her port tack, with all lights burning, and the weather clear, 15 miles north-east of the South Stack lighthouse, when the *Periere* ran into her and stove her stern in, carrying away her mizenmast. The *Laura* immediately filled with water. A short time after the collision it was found that the captain and mate were missing, and it is thought they were carried overboard with the mast. A boat was then sent to the barque, and the crew were taken on board the steamer.

A singular sale is shortly to take place in Paris—that of the collection of M. Heindreich, the late principal executioner of France, who died some weeks ago. Monsieur de Paris, with a true love of his business, had gathered together every imaginable picture relating to capital punishment—a ghastly array of gibbets, guillotines, crosses, &c. Each picture has several annotations on the margin, and M. Heindreich, who ought to have been a *connoisseur* on the subject, has noted on an engraving of the Spanish *garotte*, that this is the most painful of all modes of execution.

George Sand publishes in the *Temps* an interesting study on the late Emperor Napoleon III. She says that he never deserved to be treated either as a monster or an idiot. As a private individual he had sterling qualities, and from her own experience she bears testimony to the sincere and generous side of his character. His dreams for the aggrandizement of France were hardly compatible with a strong mind, but they were certainly not that of a weak one. Nor could France have been so degraded as to allow one man supreme power for 20 years if he had been an idiot working for himself alone. The fact is that France mistook for a fixed star what was but a passing meteor, and that silent dreamer for a profound politician. Then, when he fell, she turned round upon him and said he was a coward. He was not. He possessed a cool courage, and did not hold to life. He felt himself overwhelmed, tired of his part, tired perhaps of himself. The first time after the 2nd of December he rode through Paris on horseback, along the boulevards he had cleared a day or two before with grape shot, Madame Sand compared him to Don Quixote. But those who came to hiss remained to cheer. It was a real triumph. He appeared astonished, and probably attributed his success to the caracolings of his horse. He knew the Parisians, and dared accordingly. Some said he was brazen-faced. Madame Sand gives an instance. He had ordered the Imperial purple, and the workwomen were actually employed in sewing on the golden bees at the time he was declaring to those who were urging him on, "No! I will not betray the Republic!" And the marvellous thing is that he said it in good faith. He was his own dupe up to the last moment. When the success he had obtained, in spite of his scruples and mistakes, was pointed out to him, then he said, "It is my destiny; therefore it is my duty!"



THE RECENT INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.——Rescue of an Imperilled Family.

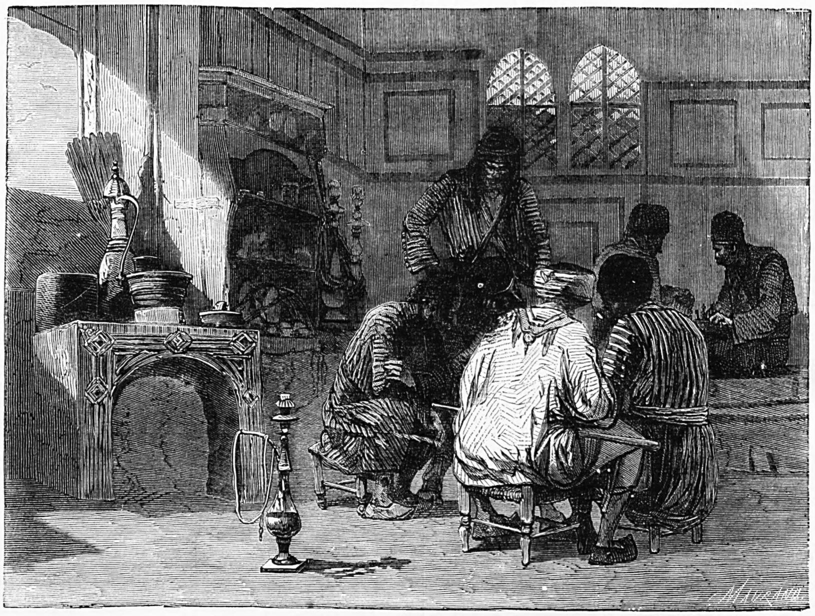


M. THIERS RELIEVING THE SUFFERERS IN THE FLOODED DISTRICTS.

KHIVA

AND THE KHIVANS.

SOME of the circumstances of the impending contest, if contest it can be called, between the Empire of Russia and the Khanate of Khiva are sufficiently singular to merit attention, independently of the somewhat remote but possible influence which it may have on the relations between Russia and India. It seems absurd at first sight to speak of a contest between a collossus and a dwarf, especially as the Sovereign of Khiva stands alone, and can command no allies, except a few from among the uncertain and feeble nomad tribes who surround his little dominion. Yet it must not be forgotton that thirty years ago, in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, these very Khivans not only repulsed, but destroyed a Russian invading force of 12,000 men, and purchased for themselves, by that successful resistance, an immunity from similar attack which has lasted to this day No doubt the severity of winter proved on that occasion more fatal to General Perovski's expedition than the skirmishes with the Uzbek cavalry; but these warriors of the desert proved themselves, it is said, no contemptible enemies on their own soil. There can, however, be no doubt of the triumph of Russian strategy and perseverance in the end; still there are many preliminary difficulties to be contended with.



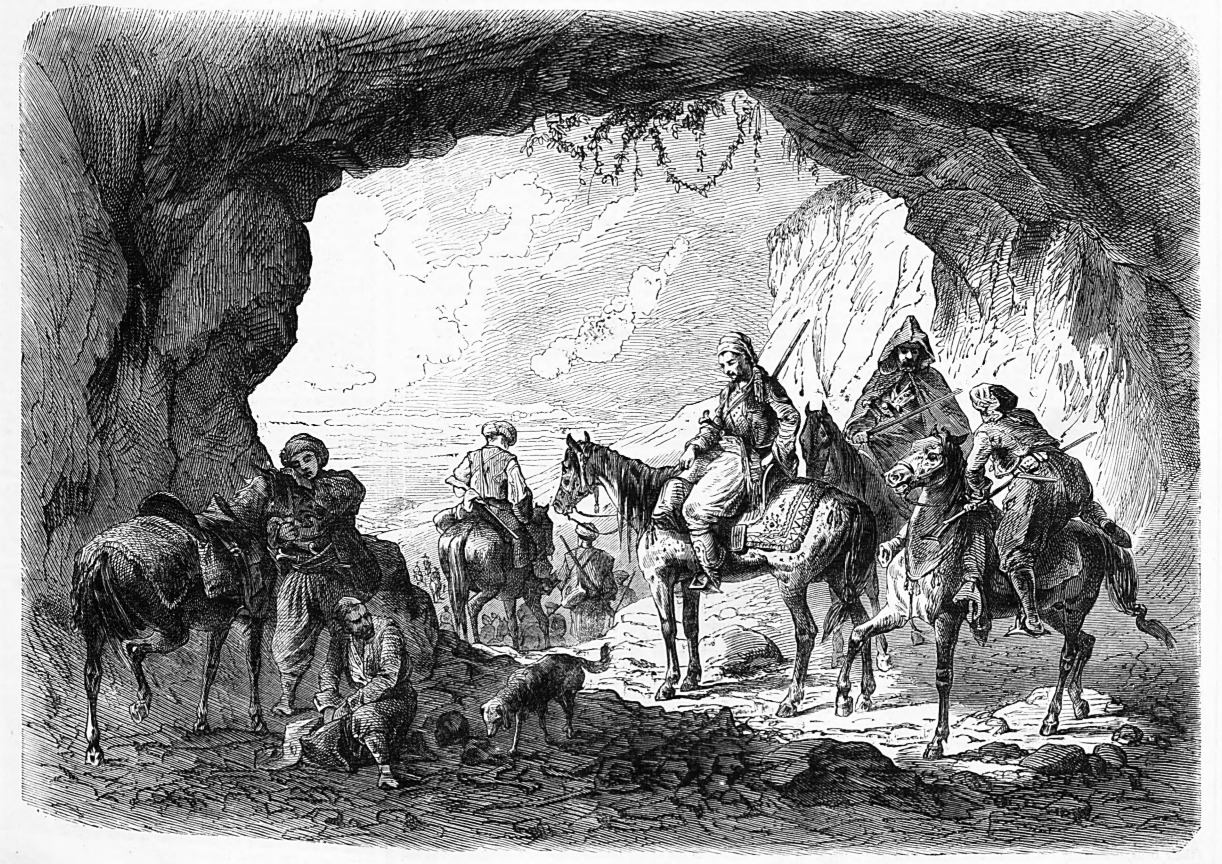
THE CENTRAL ASIAN QUESTION.—INTERIOR OF A CAFÉ AT HERAT.

The first of these arises from the geographical position of Khiva itself. The Khanate occupies an oasis of extremely fertile soil, highly productive and well peopled, owing all its prosperity and its very existence, indeed, to irrigation from the river Oxus, which passes through the heart of it. For ages which go back beyond the dawn of Oriental history, the great stream has performed its annual task of feeding and enriching the dwellers on its banks, a very mixed people of Touranian and Iranian elements, strongly welded together, not by sympathies of race, but by long submission to hereditary government, and by fanatical adherence to the tenet of Islam. Khiva, the capital, consists only, according to Vambéry, of "three or four thousand mud houses standing in different directions in the most irregular manner, with uneven and unwashed walls, and surrounded by a wall 10ft. high, also made of mud." But the environs are rich and populous. The people are born horsemen, inheriting all the habits of their Tartar ancestors, except that they have exchanged a vagrant for an agricultural life; and have become accustomed to war as well as robbery, although some philo-Russians have disputed their bravery. "The Khivan character," says Vambéry, "though roughly drawn, is the finest in Central Asia."

The Uzbeks are the leading race, not only here but in the Khanate of Bokhara also. "The Khivan Uzbek is honest and open-hearted; he has the savage nature of the nomads that surround him, without the refined cunning of Oriental civilization." He "betrays the mixture of his blood with the Iran elements, for he has a beard, always to be regarded in the Turanis as a foreign peculiarity; but his complexion and form of countenance indicate very often genuine Tartar origin."

It is not, however, by their personal qualities or their military strength that the Khivans form an impediment in the way of Russia. It is their geographical position which renders their State a stumbling-block in the road of Muscovite conquest, and a source of constant annoyance. Khiva is, as we have said, an oasis surrounded on all sides by desert. But those portions of the desert which lie west and north of the Khanate are within the nominal limits of Russia. Khiva intrudes itself and intercepts communication between sundry outlying sections of the Czar's Asiatic provinces; and, from its central position, it threatens several surrounding points at the same time. Of course the same circumstances of position which render Khiva formidable as an assailant so long as the Russian forces are few and detached, tend to diminish or rather destroy her security as soon as Russia has had time to collect her huge strength and surround her adversary.

LORD ELCHO took the chair on Monday at a well-attended meeting of metropolitan Volunteer officers, held to consider where the Easter Monday review of the present year should take place. Dover, Ramsgate, Margate, and Portsmouth, severally had their claims more or less forcibly urged; and finally it was agreed to adjourn consideration of the question for a fortnight.



THE CENTRAL ASIAN QUESTION.—AN OUTPOST ON THE KHIVAN FRONTIER.

ABROAD.

The reported eruption of Vesuvius is not true.

The Japanese national debt is estimated to amount in the aggregate to £17,000,000 sterling.

The *Chicago Tribune* says that there are more wooden buildings in that city now than there were before the fire.

The jury in Tweed's trial at New-York has disagreed, and has been discharged.

The Madoc Indians have expressed their willingness to negotiate with the United States authorities.

It is reported that strigent edicts have been issued against the cultivation of opium in the north of China.

It seems that the United States will net ten million dollars after paying all *Alabama* claims. Under what heading will it be entered in the United States' accounts?

The Grand Llama of Thibet has sent an Embassy to Pekin, to proffer allegiance to the Emperor of China, on the occasion of his assuming the supreme power.

It is stated that M. Ozenne will arrive in Rome during February to negotiate with the Italian Government in reference to the treaty of commerce with France.

In consequence of the triumph of the Chinese arms in Yunan, all communication between Burmah and Talifoo is cut off.

The engine-drivers and stokers engaged on the Portuguese railways have struck. The goods traffic has been suspended, but the mail trains continue to run, and are being driven by foreign *employés*.

A Bengal paper supplies a neat instance of confusion of metaphor. Criticising the income-tax, our contemporary hopes "the Government will not repeat the blunder of killing the calf which daily produces the golden egg."

The Indians continue their hostilities in Oregon; and in consequence of massacres being apprehended numerous families are flying from their homes. Reinforcements of troops have been despatched thither.

The Mayor of the commune of Nonzeville, in France, has sent in a return certifying that there were neither births, marriages, nor deaths in his jurisdiction in 1872. What can they be about in that stagnant locality?

A fresh *emeute* has taken place near Rustchuk between Greeks and Bulgarians. Thirteen Bulgarians and ten Greeks were killed, and numbers were badly injured. Numerous arrests have been made.

An address to the Lord Mayor of London has been signed at Mantua requesting him to convey to the people of England the thanks of Italy for the generous asistance rendered to the sufferers by the late inundations.

Relations between the Italian Minister at Athens and the Greek Government have been jeopardized, in consequence of some discourteous language employed by the latter on the Laurium Mines question.

The Court-house of Quebec has been destroyed by fire. All the records of the Colony, the Register of Titles, and other deeds, together with many important historical documents, are burnt.

On Wednesday, the 29th ult., the first ball ever given in the Quirinal took place. All the Ministers, the members of the diplomatic body, the Roman aristocracy, and the fashionable world were present. The ball terminated with the dance of "Sir Roger de Coverley," in honour of Prince Arthur.

French journalists are in a state of mortal alarm. They are threatened with the loss of one of their most cherished privileges. M. Dufaure, the Minister of Justice, has, it is said, made up his mind at last to bring in a bill against duelling.

The Conference of the Diocese of the Canton of Bâle had decided upon the dismissal of the Bishop. It has also determined to appoint a body for the administration of the affairs of the bishopric, to sequestrate the episcopal property, and to take other measures of a similar character.

The Imperial Admiralty will, on the reassembling of the German Parliament, bring forward measures for strengthening the coast defences by means of monitors and torpedoes, at the same time discontinuing the construction of large iron-clad vessels.

The body of the late Grand Duchess Helena was taken on the 25ult. from the marble palace at St. Petersburg across the ice to the cathedral in the fortress of Peter and Paul. It was on the Monday following interred there amid general sympathy.

The question of replacing brandy in the Russian army by tea is being considered. The War Minister has consulted on this point special medical authorities, and the general opinion in military circles is in favour of the proposed change, which, however, it is said, would lead to a considerable increase of expenditure.

According to the latest census, there are in Cuba 269,000 slaves. Advices from Havana announce that a meeting of slave owners was held there, when speeches were delivered favourable to the abolition of slavery, and urging that either an indemnity should be paid to the planters, or the contract system be substituted.

A telegram from Constantinople to the *Times* states that the island of Samos has during the last four days been visited with successive shocks of earthquake, gradually increasing in violence. Houses have been destroyed, and the affrighted inhabitants of the island are wandering about in the open country.

Prince William Lunalipo, the nearest relative of the late king, was elected King of the Sandwich Islands by an unanimous popular vote on January 1. The election is subject to ratification by the Legislative Assembly meeting on the 6th. The course of the Assembly is not yet announced, but ratification is considered certain. Prince Lunalipo has the support of the American residents at Honolulu, who held a meeting to congratulate him.

M. Guérin, a *rentier*, his wife, and daughter, were murdered in the most atrocious manner at Montplaisir, near Lyons, during the night of the 28th January. The family were known to have some money, and an attempt at burglary had already been made some weeks ago, but the robbers were driven away by M. Guérin, who fired at them. Madame Guérin then removed the money from the safe into a hiding-place. On the fatal morning the neighbours found the doors of the house wide open, and the bodies of the three victims in their beds, dreadfully cut about, and with their skulls fractured.

The marriage of his Highness the Sheriff of Guazon with an English lady, Miss King, took place at Tangier on the 17th ult. The bride rode to the English Consulate on an Arab horse, covered with a scarlet saddle and cloth embroidered with gold, and was presented by the bridegroom. The marriage was merely a civil ceremony, and was performed by Sir John Drummond Hay. The bridegroom appeared in a flowing Eastern dress of dark blue, and was escorted by a guard of Moorish soldiers to the Victoria Hotel, where all the consular body were present. Miss King, by her marriage to a Mahommedan, forfeits all protection of the English law.

In the French Assembly, on the 1st inst., the debate on the Lyons contracts came to an end after a stormy sitting. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier drew a comparison between the position during the war of Garibaldi and the Orleans princes. The former, though a foreigner, was allowed, he said, to command French regiments, while the latter were expelled from the country they came to fight for. An amendment was adopted, by 559 votes against 42, censuring "the revolutionary proceedings of those who had compromised the interests of the country by hoisting the red flag at Lyons," and referring the conclusions of the committee which had inquired into the contracts to three of the ministers.

The *Courrier de Bayonne* says the viaduct at Ormaiztegui is occupied by the Carlists, who are prepared to blow up this magnificent work if necessary. The railway traffic is very perilous, several trains having been fired at. The Orleans Railway Company are informed that, in consequence of the Carlist insurrection, the traffic is interrupted on the Spanish railways. The company are advised, therefore, temporarily to suspend the despatch of any goods to Spain. General Gonzalez, as a set-off, however, has completely beaten the Carlists under the priest of Santa Cruz, killing thirty-five, and wounding many of his band. Twenty prisoners were taken. The insurgent band under Casante Bare has been completely dispersed by the captain-general of San Sebastian.

The inhabitants of the principality of Leichtenstein have had fresh controversies with their Sovereign, who does not care about paying for the honour of reigning over them. This little State of 8,320 souls has a budget of only 60,000 florins, having no military expenses and no civil list to provide for. Its Prince is one of the wealthiest proprietors of Austria, and from Vienna, where he resides, governs his State through a Minister, Herr Von Hausen. He himself provides for his small army, and for the other public charges, out of his own means. But that is not enough for his subjects. They are anxious to increase their wealth by establishing a *maison de jeu*, the profits to be devoted in making walls to protect the country from the inundations of the Rhine. The Prince refused to give his consent, whereupon his subjects required from him that he should retire, or himself give a million of florins from his private purse for the public work they are anxious to promote.

An execution by garroting took place at Madrid a few days ago. The culprit, a man named Diego Soler-Guirdo, was, according to the usual custom, confined in the chapel of the prison during the two days previous to the execution. At eight o'clock in the morning the culprit was brought out to the scaffold, erected outside the Bilbao gate. The instrument was a new one, and the executioner uninitiated to his dread work. Guirdo, pale, and trembling from head to foot, was placed on the fatal bench, and the executioner, almost as terrified as the culprit himself, lost a good deal of time in placing the iron *cravate* round his neck in consequence of its being too small. The crowd, attributing this delay to an act of clemency on the part of the king, gave enthusiastic cheers; presently, however, a hammer was produced, and the *cravate* made to fit the neck conveniently. The execution was then proceeded with, and lasted no less than eight minutes.

PASSED AWAY.

M. Daru, Secretary of the French Legation at Yedo, who was accidentally drowned by the upsetting of a boat.

Mr. W. W. Deane, the distinguished architectural painter He was a member of the old Water Colour Society.

Dr. Emlyn Jones, a Baptist Minister, of Ebbw Vale, South Wales. He was author of several standard. Welsh works, including a History of Great Britain, and at the time of his death was engaged in compiling a gazetteer of the world.

The Rev. Hy. John Rose, archdeacon of Bedford, aged 72, thus placing the rectorate of Houghton Conquest at the disposal of St. John's College, Cambridge. The value of the living is 800*l*. a year.

Auguste Ricard, the well-known portrait painter. He was a native of Marseilles, but became known in Paris as an artist by a likeness which he exhibited in 1850 of Madame Sabatier, the singer.

Eugene Scheffer, aged 63, at the Chateau of La Muette. He was the brother-in-law of Mdme. Erard, and directed the important piano manufactory after the death of the founder. He is now succeeded in that post by his son Pierre.

Miss Isa Blagden, the authoress of "Agnes Tremorne," "The Cost of a Secret," "The Crown of a Life," and many magazine articles, at Florence. Miss Blagden was linked to Mr. Browning and his illustrious wife by the ties of the closest friendship. She nursed the poetess in her final illness, and performed the same loving office for Theodosia Trollope.

Luce, one of the best French comic tenors who died of bronchitis, after a lingering illness. At the Folies Dramatiques, where he was engaged, he was esteemed by all who knew him, his good humour and affability being universally quoted in the French profession. He appeared last year at the Globe Theatre with the French company, and was much applauded in "Chilperic," "L'Œil Crévé" and "Le Canard à Trois Becs."

Mr. Edwin Weedon, the well known marine artist, after a long and painful illness. As a draughtsman in his own peculiar line he was unequalled. Mr. Weedon was for several years a member of the artistic staff of the *Illustrated London News*, and most of the yachting sketches that have appeared from time to time in that journal were the work of his pencil. He also occupied a high position as a marine painter, both in oil and water colours, one of his best-known works being the fine painting of the *Great Eastern*, which was exhibited at the late International Exhibition.

THE LOSS OF THE "NORTHFLEET."

The ship that ran down the ill-fated *Northfleet* has at last been discovered. As surmised, she turns out to be the *Murillo*, and belongs to a regular line of Spanish screw steamers, which leave Millwall Docks every ten days for Lisbon, Gibraltar, Cadiz, and Seville. The *Murillo* being registered as a Spanish ship, a difficulty may arise in obtaining justice. It is supposed, however, that the vessel is really owned by British subjects, in which case the Government may look behind the register and discover the true owners. If found to be British owned, the officers will be subject to trial for misdemeanour, and the owners will be liable to make good any loss arising from the collision.

A summary of the depositions of Samuel Bell, a passenger, and James Goodeave, second engineer, on board the *Murillo* steamer, arrived at Cadiz, has been received at Lloyd's, and leaves no doubt as to her being the delinquent vessel. The account is as follows:—

"Cadiz, Feb. 2, 4.10 p.m.—Samuel Bell, passenger, and James Goodeave, second engineer, who were in same cabin, depose on oath to hearing noise on board steamer as if something unusual were going to happen; that both hastened out on deck, the collision immediately taking place; steamer going at quarter speed, with engines already reversed before collision, which accounts for what seemed to them a slight shock, Goodeave remarking that they had gone into what seemed to him a large emigrant ship, with painted ports, white figure-head on the 'hold' style of build. Both distinctly heard the cries of people—females' and children's voices, and one voice in particular hailing the steamer ten or twelve times consecutively to stand by and send boats, to which both replied they would do so. Distinctly saw ship's masthead light. Vessel ran into starboard side; apparently at anchor; hour, quarter to eleven. Goodeave tried to make Spaniard understand to lower boats by pointing and calling 'Boat!' Fancied steamer was going round injured ship, but was horror-struck on finding her leaving. Gules Bethell, chief engineer, was in charge of engines; came momentarily on deck, returning immediately to his duties, seeing no more than that they had run into a ship ahead; his engines were reduced to quarter-speed at 10.30 p.m. Stopped and reversed 10.45. A few minutes afterwards proceeded at easy speed."

According to advices received from Cadiz, the captain and those of the crew forming the watch on board the *Murillo* on the night of the disaster at Dungeness, were placed under arrest on the 1st of the present month, and measures were at once taken to ascertain whether the *Murillo* had been in collision with the *Northfleet*, or another vessel, as alleged by her officers. From an examination made of the hull of the *Murillo*, it appears that she struck the *Northfleet* on her starboard side, and that, after reversing her engines, a second collision between the two vessels took place. A telegram states that the *Murillo* has been ordered from Cadiz to Lisbon, but it is not stated whether the crew with which she left England are on board or not. Already an action has been commenced in the High Court of Admiralty against the owners of the *Murillo* by the proprietors of the *Northfleet*, in order to recover damages. The claim is laid at £14,000. A prior suit was instituted against the steamer for £15,000, but eventually a change was made, and the owners and not the ship named as defendants. Usually the course pursued is to arrest the vessel, and require bail to be given to answer the claim before she is released; but, as the steamer is not in English waters, this has been impossible.

As will be remembered, Messrs. Clark, Punchard, and Co. offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of the vessel which caused the catastrophe off Dungeness. This amount they handed to Messrs. Pinoto, Basti, and Co., of Lisbon, and to Mr. Macpherson, of Cadiz, through whose exertions the *Murillo* was identified. These gentlemen have, however, given the sum to the Mansion House Committee on behalf of the sufferers, and the fund now amounts to nearly £6,000.

Owing to the stormy weather no boat can venture near the the wreck of the *Northfleet*, and there is no news from Dungeness. Not a body has either been recovered or floated ashore. It is now extremely doubtful when the contemplated diving operations can begin.

The inquest on the body of Mr. F. S. Brand, one of the passengers, was resumed at the Town-hall, Lydd, on the 1st inst. John Easter, the boatswain, stated in the course of his evidence that it was sufficiently clear to see the land all the way along where the *Northfleet* cast anchor. The usual track of steamers would be a mile and a half outside the spot where the ship was lying. The lights were set at the proper time. The steamer which ran into them was hailed by pilot, carpenter, passengers, and crew to stand by the sinking vessel. There was no reply, but those on board the steamer must have heard the cries. There were six boats on board, and these would have held nearly all the people but for the difficulty in preserving order when the collision took place. The inquiry was again adjourned.

The inquiry ordered by the Board of Trade into the loss of the *Northfleet* was begun on Tuesday, at Greenwich. After an opening statement by Mr. Hamil, who recited the well-known facts of the lamentable disaster, evidence was called as to the state of the vessel, which showed that she was sent to sea in excellent trim. It was stated by the shipwrights' surveyor that the vessel's boats afforded accommodation in excess of the space required by the Emigration Commissioners.

Extraordinary Resuscitation.—A remarkable instance of recalling life by medical skill has lately occurred in Brussels. An unfortunate workman, overtaken by drink, had fallen into the Canal of Charleroi, which passes through the lower part of the town, and his body was not recovered for some considerable time, when it seemed hopeless to attempt to recall the drowned man to life, and the bystanders, after exhausting the common remedies, came to the conclusion that the man was dead. By good fortune Dr. Joux, the medical officer of the 3rd division of the Police of Brussels, was at home, and his assistance was called in, and at once he resolved not to regard the case as hopeless. For three hours, however, the most effective remedies suggested by modern science were applied in vain, when Dr. Joux determined to have recourse to a more stringent treatment, and proceeded to apply plates of iron heated to a white heat to the upper parts of the body near the more vital organs. After some short time, to the astonishment of the assistants, faint signs of breathing were observed, and in the course of half an hour the drowned man awoke to life. At the present momemt he is perfectly restored to health, and the only inconvenience which he has sustained results from the severe cauterization which his skin necessarily underwent. The novel treatment which Dr. Joux extemporized so successfully on this occasion may well deserve the attention of the Royal Humane Society.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PASTIMES OF THE SEASONS—SKATING.

Seasonable pastime! no, Mr. Artist, there you err. Pleasant, agreeable, inspiriting, healthy, anything you like—but not seasonable; for there is no such thing as regular meteorological seasons nowadays. Boating, or fishing, or swimming may be seasonable just now; but skating is not. We are rapidly becoming aquatic, thanks to the prevalence of rain and the dampness of the atmosphere; and if the Darwinian theory holds good, this state of things ought to end in our developing fins and scales.

Seasonble pastime, indeed!—we fondly imagined it would be, when some three months back we bought a pair of "Acmes," that have been rusting on the top-shelf of our corner cupboard ever since.

True, on Saturday night, cheered by a rapidly sinking thermometer, we took them down, and oiled and inspected them; but, alas! with Monday there came, not a nipping frost, but a rapid thaw, and they have been once more consigned to their resting-place.

It is only in regions remote from our ken that such amusements as those depicted on our front page can be indulged in. We may envy the gentleman who is so deftly piloting those two graceful young ladies; but we certainly do not expect to meet him in the flesh this side of Christmas—unless, indeed, the seasons are really changed, and we are to have ice to bear at Midsummer.

THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.

Although the floods with which France was so generously afflicted towards the end of the past year have in a great measure subsided, there are yet isolated districts in which their ravages continue to be felt. Moreover, recent rains have produced symptons which threaten a recurrence of former catastrophes. The Rhone and Saone have risen simultaneously; the Loire is rapidly gathering volume, and the Garonne has begun to swell, but has not yet left its bed.

One of our two illustrations shows a startling incident which has taken place in the department of the Lozère. A lady and her servant had gone to a *pavillon* (one of those little country boxes only inhabited or inhabitable during the summer months, which are so common amongst our neighbours) for the purpose of removing some fruit that had been stored there. This building was situated on the banks of the Lot, near Mende. Surprised by the sudden rise of the river, these unhappy women had only time to take refuge in the upper storey of the *pavillon*, which was in a few minutes completely surrounded by the waters.

The prefect of the department, who was inspecting the various threatened points, on being apprised of their danger, at once hastened to the spot, accompanied by the local gendarmes, a body of troops, and a number of volunteers. After some daring swimmers had reconnoitered the position, attempts were made to reach the victims by means of a raft; but the force of the current rendered it impossible to guide this. At length a boat was procured, and by it the rescue was effected.

Our other illustration represents the visit paid by M. Thiers to the quarter of Berey, for the purpose of judging, by personal inspection, of the damage caused by the inundations in Paris. Accompanied by the Prefect of the Seine, and by that military staff with which he so dearly loves on all occasions to surround himself, he visited the district in detail, and distributed monetary succour to a large number of families who had suffered through the extraordinary rise of the river. It is only just to mention that he was very well received, and doubtless returned to the palace of the Elysée with conviction that he had not lost his day.

THE CENTRAL ASIAN QUESTION.

At a moment when the attention of Great Britain is concentrated on a little spot in Central Asia, barely known to the majority of us by its name of Khiva, we feel sure that the two engravings we print this week with the above title will interest our readers. The view of a Khivan outpost will give them a fair notion of the men whom the Russian troops are on their way to encounter, and whose nationality and habits are dilated upon at some length on the page containing the engraving.

Chess, as is well known, is of Oriental origin, and there are few Eastern towns in which such a group of chess-players as we have given would not be found. Therefore it is mainly the locality that inspires the interest in this case. Herab is a town of great importance in all matters affecting our position in India, and its occupation has on more than one occasion been productive of serious results. And so we do not doubt, but that the grave-looking individuals before us, though apparently entirely absorbed by their game, are quite awake to, and fully posted up in all the details of the Central Asian Question.

THE IGLAWA VIADUCT.

Intending visitors from England to the coming Vienna Exhibition who have any appreciation of modern engineering triumphs will find the Iglawa Viaduct, over which their route will lie, worthy of their attention. It carries the railway leading from Brunn to Vienna across the Iglawa valley, here some 1,100 feet in width, not far from the Kanitz station. The viaduct, which is wrought iron and 1,200 German feet in length, crosses the valley at a height of 80 feet, and is supported by pillars of the same material with stone foundations. It weighs upwards of 1,200 tons, and was but recently rebuilt from the designs of Herr von Ruppert.

THE GERMANS IN METZ.

The Germans are rapidly making themselves at home in the ceded provinces, as will be seen by our engraving. The news of the death of the Emperor Napoleon failed to produce any excitement, the only noticeable fact being a revival in the sale of his portrait. Little statues, in which he was caricatured at the close of the war, also made their reappearance, and found a brisk demand amongst the German soldiery.

St. George's Bridge, of which we give a view, is in the centre of the Jewish quarter; for Metz, like most of the old German cities, has its Jewish quarter, and is the favourite trading ground of itinerant Israelites. It may be styled the commercial high school of the rising generation of Rothschild's children, from eight or ten years upwards, resorting there for the purpose of disposing of their trifling wares, and spoiling the Egyptians. A man engaged in announcing the death of the Emperor has succeeded in attracting a tolerable audience, conspicuous amongst whom figure a number of the washerwomen who here ply their trade in the open air along the banks of the river.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MARLBOROUGH.

Old Marlborough woke up on Saturday, the 25th ult., to a day of excitement, of loyal enthusiasm, and of public rejoicing to which no parallel is to be found throughout its long history. The occasion lay in the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had been partaking of the Marquis of Ailesbury's hospitality at Savernake Forest, and who, in company with their noble entertainer, honoured the borough with their presence. The time of the arrival of the distinguished visitors was fixed at about noon, and consequently soon after eleven positions began to be taken up, and the finishing touch was given to the decorations by the appearance of hosts of faces at the windows.

Over the Kennet, which, swollen as it was into a rapid torrent, now merits the poetical license which characterized it as "the Kennet Swift," a triumphal arch had been reared, of which we give an engraving. The prevailing colours of this elegant structure were red and white, whereby the green foliage with which it was adorned was set off in strong relief. Baskets of flowers were hung from the top, and with flags and shields completed the decoration of this work of art, the design of which was due to Mr. W. E. Baverstock. From here along the Marsh, and up the New-road, firs were planted at moderate intervals on either side, rendering the street an avenue; every house on the route had some decoration.

Beside this archway the Mayor (Mr. Harrison) and corporation received the royal visitors, presenting them with an address engrossed on vellum, and tied up with blue and white ribbon, which, to the Prince's great relief, was "taken as read." The procession, if it may be so styled, then reformed, and proceeded up the High-street, the corporate body preceding their distinguished guests.

Broadly speaking, Marlborough has only one street, the High-street in question, but that street is one of the noblest thoroughfares in the kingdom. Its prevailing tone is red. The bricks are red, the tiles, which roof all and face some houses, are very red, and on the occasion we are referring to the bunting was reddest of all. There are no two houses built alike, and consequently there is none of that painful uniformity observable in London and other places, in which people have their houses built for them, and neither know nor care about the outside so long as the rooms within are commodious and well lit. Nineteen out of twenty of the houses here are very old—as old as the days when the houses were built to project over the footways, and when consequently there was formed a colonnade, such as may be seen in southern parts of Europe, and such as remains till this hour along half of the northern side of Marlborough's chief street. This principal street is built on a declivity of the Downs, so that the first-floor windows on the southern side of the street are almost on a level with ground-floor windows on the north side. At the east is the Guildhall and Market-place, and the west end of the street appears closed by the fine "pointed" church of St. Peter.

The Guildhall or Market-house (a view of which is given in our second engraving) is one of the most nondescript buildings to be found in the length and breadth of England—a combination of the domestic commonplace with the pillars of a Theban temple; nevertheless, it lent itself thoroughly to decoration, and by festoons of evergreens, shields of arms, and flags of ruddiest hue, set an example to the town. This much-abused building, as it is styled by a local authority, was transformed by huge coils of evergreens and artificial flowers of brilliant colour; the parapet above was fitted with the termini which always seem lacking in the shape of great crowns and a towering plume; shields and other devices filled the walls; the hoarding which encloses the basement was concealed behind firs; and the festoons on the front were continued so as to form graceful triumphal arches on either side the building, crowned with flag trophies. The shouting crowd, which even in the Market-place left but a narrow passage; the long vista of waving banners, multitudinous in shape, size, and number; the shields glittering in the brilliant sunlight; the endless festoons of evergreens; the eager loyal faces, and the waving of handkerchiefs at every window, formed a picture well worthy of such a background; while high above the bells in old St. Mary's tower rang out as they seemed never to have rung before; afar the guns boomed a symphony, and the ceaseless cheers of the people would sometimes wax sufficient to drown all other sounds

These cheers increased in vehemence as the *cortège* passed along the streets until the gates of Marlborough College, the ultimate destination of the royal party, were reached. Over the Master's entrance towered tall Venetian masts; on the summits flags waved, and festoons—first of flags and then of evergreens—were carried from one to another, with a very pretty effect; then over the gates of the quadrangle triumphal arches were reared; every tree in the avenue down the centre was adorned with a shield; pennons fluttered from all the buildings round; the porch was concealed beneath profuse ornamentation, and pyramids of flags stretched up on either side to the very top of the college flag-staff.

The college was entered by the gates of the court near the chapel; close within, the boys were congregated, and a tremendous cheer arose as the royal carriage entered therein; again and again was it repeated, and again was it graciously acknowledged. At the porch of the central building the visitors were received by the Master, the Rev. F. W. Farrar, by whom they were shown over the building. In crossing the court, the Master announced to the boys that the Prince of Wales had asked that the next summer holidays might be prolonged for an extra week, in commemoration of his visit—an announcement which, we need hardly add, provoked another burst of cheering.

The visitors then took leave of the Master and Mrs. Farrar, and re-entered their carriages, which returned in the same order through the streets of Marlborough. Again rang the bells, again shouted the populace, again the bands sent forth their loyal music, again hats waved and handkerchiefs fluttered, as if all were endeavouring on the return journey to outvie their former efforts,—until at length the town-bridge was reached, when the carriages of the Council were halted, the Councillors stood up in their carriages, and with uncovered heads bade adieu to their Royal Highnesses. The pace was increased to a sharp trot, and soon the whole cavalcade had disappeared from sight, and the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Marlborough was a thing of the past.

A letter has since been addressed to the Mayor by the Marquis of Ailesbury on behalf of the Prince and Princess, expressing the pleasure their Royal Highnesses derived from the welcome accorded them.

For the sketches from which our engravings are taken we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. W. E. Baverstock, by whom most of the decorations exhibited were designed.

BURNING OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.

The main block of the Royal Military Academy, a well-known and handsome edifice on Woolwich-common, where the officers of the scientific corps—artillery and engineer—have received their education for generations past, was utterly destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. At half-past four a policeman on his beat observed smoke issuing from the centre of what is called the Middle Building—a square block of brick with high turrets, surmounted by cupolas and weather vanes at each of the four corners. The wind from the east concentrated the heat for the most part upon the north-west tower, up through the several storeys through which the flames rushed with a great roar; and as the cupola of zinc and lead at its summit melted and fell into the burning ruin, the sight was magnificent. This tower was soon heated, and the firemen directed their efforts towards the others, each of which served as a sort of shaft for the fiery furnace. Soon afterwards the cupola at the north-east corner shared the fate of its companion, and in two hours from the outbreak the whole building may be said to have been fairly gutted. The servants and non-commissioned officers of the establishment, however, succeeded in saving about half the books from the valuable library of 5,000 volumes, which occupied the centre of the building, and some of the documents and records of importance were extricated from the offices of the Governor. The firemen exerted themselves in a noble manner, but several very serious accidents have, it is said, taken place. One of the men from the Metropolitan Brigade had raised one of the ladders against the building to send the water from his hose into a body of the fire. Unfortunately the ladder snapped in two, and the poor man fell a great depth, breaking his ribs and sustaining other injuries. Another man had raised a ladder against the north tower; but there was a driving sleet at the time, and the ladder being covered with ice, and his being numbed with cold, he lost his hold, and, falling from the top, broke both legs, and has sustained other very serious, if not fatal, injuries. The damage is roughly estimated at £20,000, but this may be much below the real extent of the loss. The Academy was built in 1805 at a cost of £150,000, from designs by Sir Jeffery Wyatville. It was in the Elizabethan and early English styles, and furnished accommodation for two hundred gentlemen cadets.

A Court of Inquiry, composed of officers representing the various branches of the service at Woolwich, have already commenced an investigation into the circumstances attending the destructive fire at the Academy. A man named Benson, who was passing the Academy at a quarter-past three in the morning, stated to the Court that he then saw sparks rising from the roof of the Academy more than an hour before the alarm was given, and there are other witnesses who now say that they saw what was apparently a chimney on fire in the centre of the block some time before midnight. At present the evidence clearly points to the flue of the heating apparatus as the origin of the fire, and, now that the mischief is done, it seems that this flue, which could never be properly swept, has been long regarded as a source of danger by many of those connected with the establishment. Strange to say, a similar flue at the Herbert Hospital adjacent, which there is always a difficulty in cleaning except by burning it out, took fire on Tuesday morning, and was extinguished with difficulty; but the hospital being a new building, constructed with a view to such casualties, there was not much danger. The studies of the cadets have not been interrupted by the accident, class-rooms being extemporized in various parts of the building, and in one of them, Prince Louis Napoleon, who joined the Academy on the 1st inst., passed on that day a preliminary examination in German.

THE FRENCH MILITARY MISSION IN JAPAN.

It may be remembered that the Mikado of Japan asked the French Government to send out to him a certain number of officers belonging to the different branches of the French army, to aid him in his plans for the re-organizing of the Japanese troops.

In answer to this request M. Thiers despatched Lieutenant-Colonel Marquerie, of the Staff, accompanied by six captains selected from the Engineers, the Marine Infantry, the Artillery, the Chasseurs à Pied, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique. This Mission was received by the Mikado towards the end of the past year.

The Mikado, who was surrounded by two members of his family, the officers of his household, and several public functionaries, seemed to take a warm interest in the matter, and put a number of questions to M. Marquerie. These, however, could only be asked and answered through the interpreter, who, together with the Japanese Minister of War, also present, was dressed in a French Infantry uniform.

Our engraving is from a sketch by Captain Deschamps, himself one of the six gentlemen presented on this occasion.

FEEDING THE FEATHERED TRIBE.

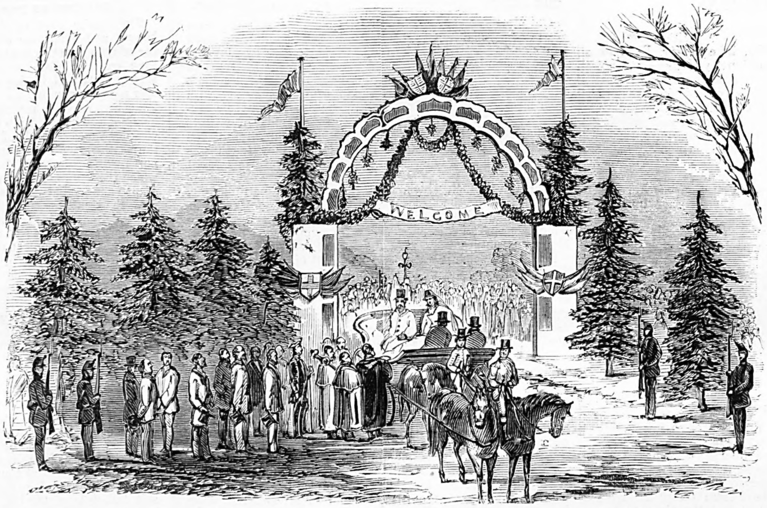
Without going so far as to advocate that Brahmin benevolence which builds hospitals for sick cats and superannuated monkeys, or that form of insanity, peculiarly British, which induces elderly ladies to leave large legacies to houses for lost and starving dogs, or weekly pensions sufficient to maintain a whole family to pet pugs and parrots, we cannot but bestow a word of approval upon the charitable individual in our engraving who is scattering crumbs to the birds. There is something very pleasing in the way in which a little feathered stranger hops up to one in a half-saucy, half-appealing fashion, in order to obtain his share of the crumbs of comfort that may be falling his way. The compound of slyness and shyness with which he picks up a bit at one's feet, keeping his bright, black, beady eyes fixed on one, is irresistible.

As one of our nursery poets has remarked—

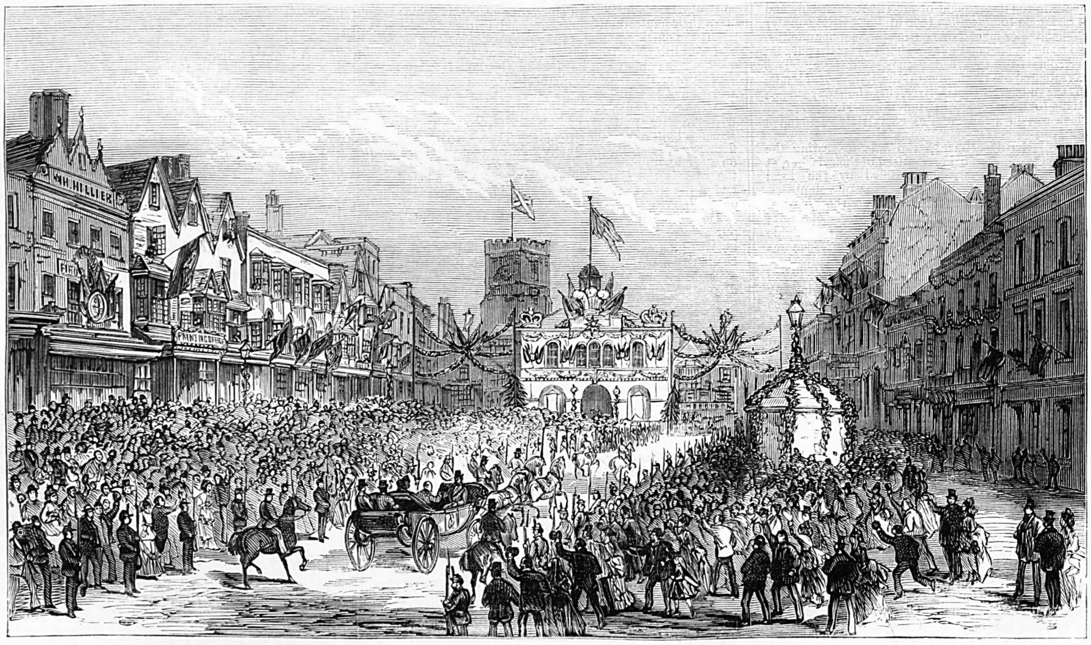
"Little birds go
Over the snow,
Cold to their poor little feet, feet;
Tottsy then comes,
Gives them some crumbs,
Which to them are quite a sweet treat.

Little birds hop
Till the crumbs stop,
And they are thoroughly fed, fed;
Grace then they sing,
And on the wing,
Off they go gaily to bed, bed."

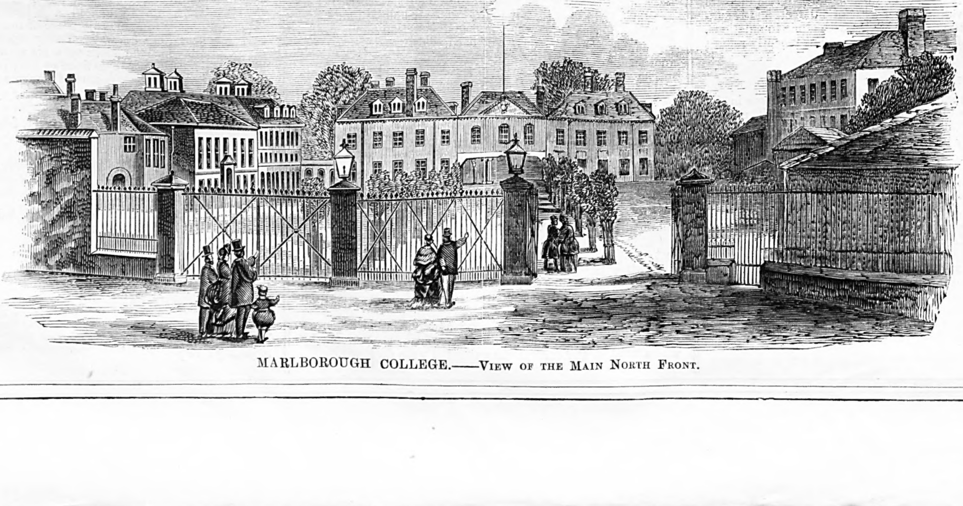
Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.—A portrait model of his late Imperial Majesty NAPOLEON III, lying in state is now added. Napoleon relics. "The most remarkable thing in the museum," says M. de Cassagnac, "is the grand physiognomy of Napoleon I." Everything connected with him has been collected with admirable care.—Admission 1s. Children under ten, 6d. Extra rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.—[Advt.]



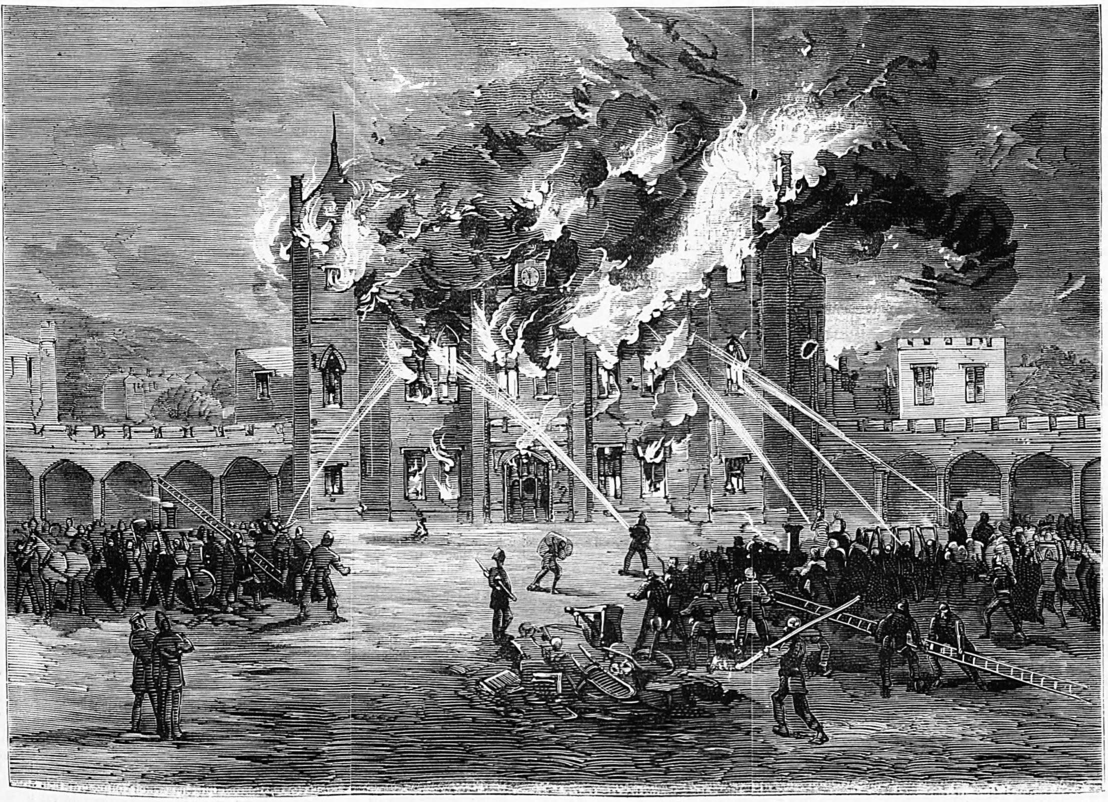
THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF MARLBOROUGH PRESENTING THE ADDRESS.



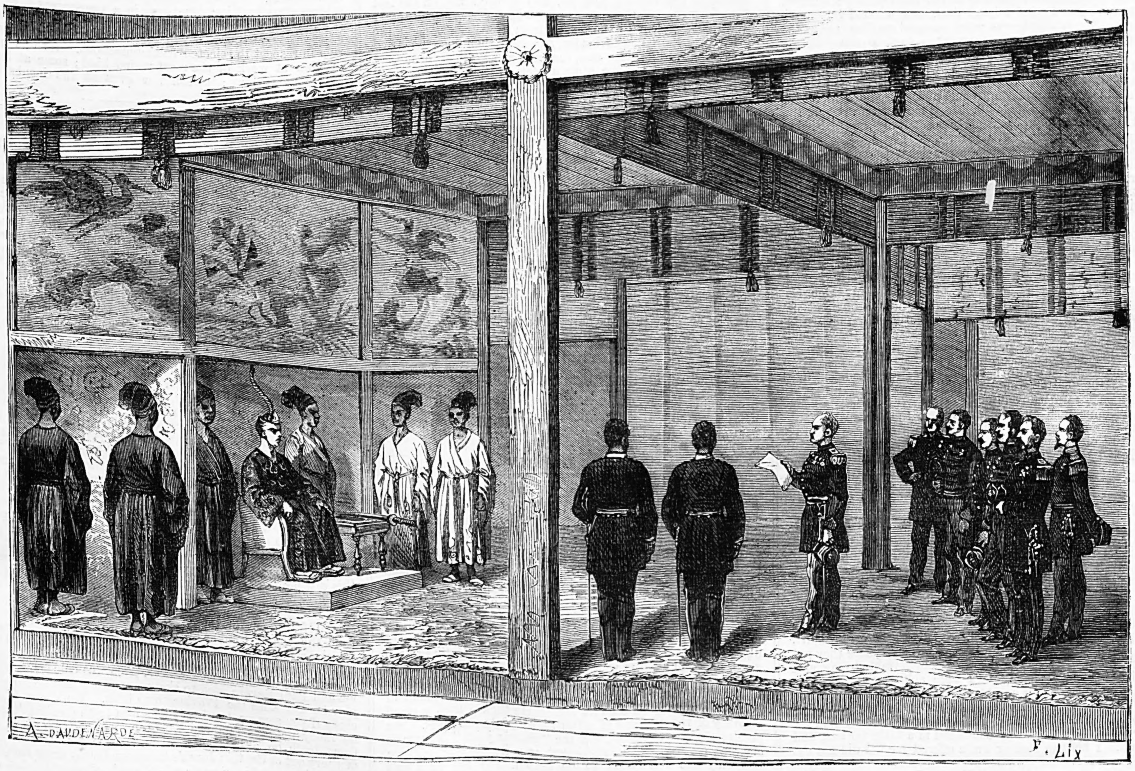
PUBLIC RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MARLBOROUGH.



MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.——View of the Main North Front.



BURNING OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY AT WOOLWICH.



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN RECEIVING THE FRENCH MILITARY MISSION.

(*From a Sketch by Captain Deschamps, one of its Members.*)

DR. HESSEL'S STORY.

As shown in another column, the mass of evidence brought forward at Bow-street on Dr. Hessel's behalf demonstrated his innocence of the murder of Harriet Buswell in the most conclusive manner. In consideration of the exceptional nature of the case, the Government has resolved to bear all the expenses entailed on Dr. Hessel by his imprisonment and defence, and by his and his wife's enforced stay in the country; as also to pay the passage of both to a port in Brazil, where the reverend gentleman may rejoin the emigrants with whom he originally sailed on board the *Wangerland*. It does not follow, nevertheless, that this official action should interfere with the popular desire to send Dr. Hessel from our shores not only compensated in pocket, but comforted in mind and feelings. Several subscription lists have been opened, amongst others one started by the *Daily Telegraph*, to which Mr. Charles Reade, the eminent novelist, who remarks in his accompanying letter that "the nation should try and clear itself of the injustice as promptly as possible," contributes £20.

From the same journal we reproduce the following interesting account of Dr. Hessel's experiences as a prisoner taken from his own lips. After narrating the circumstances of his being picked out from amongst the emigrants at the Ramsgate Town Hall, he proceeds:—I was taken into another room before Inspector Harnett, and Mr. Wohllebe, the first prisoner, was shown to the two witnesses, who stated that they were quite sure he was not the man. He was accordingly released immediately. My wife was permitted to remain in the room with me, and I must acknowledge that the Ramsgate police were very gentlemanly and friendly indeed. Some seats were brought from the magistrate's room to the apartment where I was placed, and were formed into a kind of bed, on which my wife and I could sleep. She did sleep, but I did not close my eyes all the night. One of the police in uniform stayed in the room with us all night. On Monday morning seven witnesses came down from London with Mr. Superintendent Thomson. I was again placed among the emigrants, the same as the day before, and a second inspection took place. After the examination I was taken before one of the Ramsgate magistrates, charged on suspicion with being the murderer, and ordered to be removed to London. At the railway station I was put into a second-class carriage with my wife. Inspector Harnett accompanied us.

From Victoria Station my wife and I were conveyed in a cab to Bow-street. I was placed in the waiting-room of that police station, and after the lapse of half an hour was placed in dock for the purpose of examination. I was requested to give up all I had in my pockets, my portfolio, &c. When I gave up my dagger I remarked that I had brought it with me on purpose, and that I had purchased it at Ramsgate at the New Year. Having been formally charged with the murder, I was removed to a cell. It was now quite dark. The cell contained two forms or benches, without bed or blanket. I asked for a glass of water, and afterwards I got a pint of bitter beer. The cell was quite clean, but very cold, as there was no fire. The gaoler said he would give me as much comfort as it was possible, and furnished me with an old blanket. It was torn, and smelt very badly indeed. I was allowed to take with me my Portuguese books, consisting of one or two volumes, and I used them as a kind of cushion for my head. At half-past eight o'clock I was taken into the station-yard to be seen by the servant girl who had observed a man coming out of the house, No. 12, Great Coram-street, on the morning after the murder. I was placed among about twenty-four other people, and she picked me out directly in the most positive manner. She trembled and cried a good deal, and seemed very much excited. She evidently was much angered against me as the supposed murderer. I was then taken back to the cell, the door of which remained open all night, and before it stood a constable guarding me. The gas, which was lighted in the passage, came feebly into the cell. A policeman's or coachman's old cover was given to me owing to the cold. The gaoler brought me paper, and allowed me to write during the night. Three or four persons were talking and laughing nearly all night in the adjoining cells. I could also hear a woman crying loudly. About four or five o'clock in the morning it became colder, so that I could not write because my fingers were quite stiff. I slept about two hours during the night. I could have slept longer, but was kept awake by the severity of the cold.

At eight o'clock I was taken into the waiting-room for the purpose of washing. I then had breakfast, consisting of beer and bread and butter, which I had asked for. They gave me quite enough. At 9.30 I was seen by another witness, who did not recognize me. At ten, my wife came to see me, and afterwards the German Consul, Mr. Mullens, and Mr. Douglas Straight. The Consul was very friendly, and throughout he has acted towards me in the most gentlemanly manner in every respect. I asked him if my witnesses for the *alibi* could not give their evidence at once, and he replied that it could not possibly be done according to the English law. At the same time he asked me to have no fear, and stated that in a few days the matter would be settled, and trusted that I would soon see my wife and my friend M. Wohllebe. At noon I was examined, as already reported in the newspapers. I had no time to change my clothes or brush my boots. I was brought before the court in a manner most uncomfortable for me. I had had little sleep, and received no comforts whatever. I had worn my clothes since the Sunday forenoon, and had not been to bed during the interval. I should have very much liked to have some facility for dressing and presenting myself before the court as a gentleman. I was then removed to the House of Detention at Clerkenwell. I was asked for my Christian name and surname, and forced to confess, against my mind, that I was charged with murder. Immediately afterwards I was taken into a very cold room; I was told to strip, which I did. I was then examined by one of the attendants, who looked at my arms, ears, head, &c. I was next ordered to give up everything I had. My pockets were examined by the official, who took away even my wedding-ring and a photograph of my wife. I was told to put on my shirt, which I did, and was walked to the bath-room, where they put me into a hot bath. This was most comfortable to me, as I felt bitterly cold, and my legs were aching greatly. The warmth of the bath was most refreshing. After I had been in the bath I was brought back into the cold room, but I had my clothes on at that time. The officer afterwards laid my dinner on the floor. It was contained in a little tin box, and was cold. I had no fork or knife offered me. I did not eat the dinner.

I was then conveyed to cell No. 8. It was an extremely cold place. There was rather a good bed, blanket, two pillows, a small board or table, with a second small board to serve as a seat. The floor of the cell was of cement. On one side was a basin for washing. Although I took my dinner with me from the room already mentioned to this cell, I did not eat anything. At six o'clock a pint of gruel and a piece of bread were brought to me. At 6.30 two men came into the cell, and ordered me to strip. The brushes, comb, and all other things with which a man might injure himself or attempt to commit suicide, were removed. They also took from me my pocket-handkerchief. The want of it was most inconvenient, as I had a severe cold. When asked to leave at least one handkerchief, because I was suffering from a cold, the men laughed in my face, and said, "Not allowed." I did not sleep all night, because my feelings of honour were very much outraged and hurt. During that night, as well as on the following nights, at each hour, a night guard came and looked through the door of the cell, to see if all was right. I was forced to answer on each occasion.

The following morning at seven o'clock my clothes, which had been taken away the previous night, were brought back. The spoon which I had to use, and my comb, were also brought back, and they were put into the same box. I certainly did not like the spoon and the comb being placed together. I was then taken for the walking exercise, which lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. I had for breakfast a pint of gruel, and a piece of bread, which I did not eat. At eleven o'clock, as on the succeeding days, I was taken to the chapel to hear prayers along with the other prisoners, but I could not understand the clergyman, or the responses of his hearers. At twelve o'clock, my wife came to see me. I begged hard that I might have some money which had been taken from me, that I might purchase food at my own expense. At two o'clock on Tuesday, for the first time during three days, I got some warm food. The food supplied by the officials was good, and sufficient in quantity; but what I complained of was that it was always cold. The coffee and the meat were alike cold. At three in the afternoon the walking exercise in the yard was resumed, and I was obliged either to walk or run round like the other prisoners. At five o'clock the gas was lighted. It shone faintly through the grating in my door. It was not possible to read by it. On the first day a Bible and Prayer-book were taken away. I thought the books were taken because they were afraid lest I might use the fly-leaves for the purpose of writing on; but I got some paper from the Governor. No steel pens were allowed me, but only quills. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday afternoons I had interviews with my solicitors, whom I was allowed to see as long as I pleased. My wife was allowed to speak to me for ten minutes each afternoon. She was forbidden to touch the door of the cell, in case she might pass anything in to me through the little grating. The cell door was not opened while she was present, so that I could not see her, and she could only very indistinctly see my features. I do not know whether any one stood by my wife during these interviews.

Since I had left Ramsgate I had not had any change of clothing, but finally, at the request of my solicitor, I was allowed some collars, but not buttons. The fourth day some books were given to me. On Sunday I was obliged to go to bed at five o'clock in the afternoon. My clothes were taken from me at that time, and I was told to go to bed. I was obliged to clean the tin I used for my gruel. I had also to clean my boots with a brush, but was allowed no blacking. Every morning, too, I had to clean the stone floor of my cell. Almost daily a physician came into my cell, and asked if I was healthy. The Governor visited me several times, and asked very kindly if I had any complaints or wishes. Once I was visited by the visiting justices, who allowed me, on the last day of my sojourn there, to see my wife twice. I wish to say that the treatment I experienced from all the officials of the prison was thoroughly friendly, and more than once they tried to console me by saying that the case was not bad for me. I think, however, that the system itself which treats people in custody merely on suspicion in the manner I was is a very harsh one. I found that my daily expenses in prison were 2s., and for that amount I had coffee and toast in the morning, two eggs, bread and butter, and half a pint of beer at two, and a chop or steak at five. The chops and steaks were served to me in pieces, and I was obilged to eat them with my fingers. I had likewise to eat the eggs with my fingers, because the spoon was too large to be used for that purpose.

Over my bed there was an opening for ventilation. It was directly opposite to the opening in the cell door, the result being that there was always a bad draught right through. The mattress also consisted of three pieces sewn together. This made a draught arise from the floor. If I had occasion to leave the cell during the night I had to do so with naked feet, and I found the floor very cold. The consequence is that I suffer from a cough. In the House of Detention I found there was great punctuality, order, and cleanliness. I saw the chaplain three or four times. One day when I had got some books from him I stretched out my hand to thank him, but he remarked, "I never shake hands with prisoners." On the last day of my stay, however, he came and wished me success. In consequence of the cold in the cell I still find my hands so nearly frozen that it is very difficult for me to use my fingers to write. I once asked to be shaved, but was not permitted. I am nearly well now, except that I feel a pain in the chest; but my wife has been so much upset by my apprehension that she suffers greatly from nervousness, and it will be some time before she is restored to health.

I was much amused, says a writer in the *South London Press*, one Sunday morning, a week or two ago, near Battersea Park, by an ingenious method which a travelling doctor adopted to prove the value of his nostrums. After giving a lecture bristling with long words and full of *quasi* scientific terms, the doctor pulled out a wine-glass from his medicine chest. "Now," said he, "this is the stomick; this," he continued, taking a small bottle in his other hand, "is gastric juice." The crowd watched the operation of pouring out the gastric juice into the glass, and wondered what was coming next. "This is a bottle of poison," went on Dr. Dulcamara, holding out a second bottle, and pouring out also a little of its contents. "There," said he, triumphantly pointing to the glass, in which a dense yellow precipitate was visible, "that's how your stomicks are when you've eaten too much. Now let's try the effect of dandelion. My pills are all made of herbs—no mineral poisons for me." He then poured a small quantity of the contents of a third bottle into the glass. The precipitate was dissolved, and the "gastric juice" became as clear as crystal. The experiment was irresistible. There was only one conclusion to be drawn, and the pills and potions went off with marvellous rapidity. The only thing, however, the doctor omitted to inform his patients was that to form a precipitate and to re-dissolve it was one of the commonest chemical experiments which could be conceived.

IN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Bret Harte has promised, for *Schribner's Magazine*, a new poem, to be called, "The Epic of Fiddletown."

Miss Braddon has a new work in the press, which will be called "Milly Darrell."

Those interested in the artificial cultivation of fish can now see at Mr. Buckland's Museum of Fish Culture, South Kensington, hatching operations in full working order.

The monument to Mazzini which is to be erected at Palermo has been completed by the sculptor to whom its execution was entrusted, Rosario Bagnasco.

A "Life of Colonel Rossel," the young Communist executed at Satory, has been written by M. E. Gerspach, and published by MM. Dentu, in Paris.

Mr. Robert Browning is said to be at work on a new poem; but then, when is Mr. Browning not at work on a new poem?

Mr. Alfred Tidey, who is sojourning at Wiesbaden, has been honoured by the Crown Princess of Prussia with a commission to paint a water-colour portrait of the Princess Victoria.

The *Fremdenblatt* states that Mr. Schaper's model for the Goethe monument at Berlin has been accepted. It represents the poet in a standing posture on a round pedestal, with the figures of Lyric Poetry, Tragedy, and Natural Science. The monument is to be placed in the Thiergarten, with the face turned towards the Königsgrätzer Strasse.

An exhibition of old hats has just been held at Bruges, Belgium. Several hundreds of head coverings were lent for the purpose, some exceedingly curious in an historical or archæological point of view. There was no charge for admission, but a collection was made for a charitable purpose, and produced over a thousand francs.

A sale of objects of art collected by M. Leray-Ladunie, nephew of the late Doctor Véron, took place on the 31st ult. They consisted of beautifully-wrought keys, ancient goblets, old weapons, ancient ornamented locks, &c., all of which brought rather high prices. A small tin cup which had belonged to Francis II. was sold for 150f; a pair of iron spurs inlaid with silver, 750f.; and a richly damascened rapier, 8,500f.

A Berkshire Paper has marked the completion of its 150th year in a novel manner. With last Saturday's edition of the *Reading Mercury and Berks County Paper* were re-issued copies of that journal published Feb. 1st, 1723, one hundred and fifty years ago. The *fac-simile* is in itself a curiosity, and admirably illustrates the surprisingly diminutive size of newspapers a century and a-half ago, its pages not exceeding nine inches by seven.

A curious discovery has just been made by a savant at Paris, though there is some doubt as to the benefit which either humanity or the crustaceous fish operated upon will derive from it. M. Chantran has long been engaged in studying the natural history of the crawfish, and from a paper read before the Academy of Sciences it seems that this careful observer has found out that when young crawfish are deprived of their eyes new ones will grow in the interval between the shedding of two shells.

One of the great sights at the forthcoming Vienna Exhibition is to be the interior of a newspaper office, with editor, writers, reporters, printers, and publishers at work, just as in ordinary life. The industrious journalists are to be shown in a huge glass building, like bees in a transparent hive. The editor will be seen giving out subjects, revising articles, and exemplifying, with waste-paper basket at hand, the well-known rule in respect to rejected communications. Writers will be in view at work of the most varied kind; some at leaders, others at reviews; and a few even at the incubation of *canards*.

Cleopatra's Needle.—Efforts are again being made for the purpose of inducing the Government to take possession of the famous monument known as Cleopatra's Needle, which was presented to King George IV. by Mehemet Ali, and now lies buried in the sand on the banks of the Nile. The French, who at the same time became possessed of one of the Luxor columns, erected their relic in the Place de la Concorde at a cost, we believe, of some £80,000. Plans have been prepared and submitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by which Cleopatra's Needle could be transported from its present position and placed on any site along the Thames Embankment for about £15,000. The promoters of the scheme should enlist the services of Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., in the matter.

An Eleventh Commandment.—The Prussians, says the *Levant Times*, have just added an additional commandment to the Decalogue—"Thou shalt not stare at a Prussian ship of war." A member of our staff was passing across the new iron bridge at Galata, when, thinking that as a cat may look at a king, an ordinary individual might look at a gunboat belonging to a *parvenu* navy, he stopped for a moment to cast an admiring glance at the *Delphin*, which is anchored close to the bridge, but he was at once ordered on by a rude "Yassak!" from a Turkish sailor. On remonstrating at such an unwarrantable display of authority he was informed that the fresh-water officers and sailors of the *Delphin* having complained that they were too much stared at by the passengers over the bridge, the authorities had issued strict orders that no one should be allowed even to slacken their pace while in the neighbourhood of the sacred vessel. The fittest commentary to be made on this silly piece of truckling to the great European power is that one man may steal—a couple of provinces, while another may not look over a—bridge!

The Oldest Inhabitant.—We have been interviewing this distinguished though mysterious citizen on the subject of the snow-storm. He appeared to wish to meet somebody who would "call this a snow-storm." He remembers when there were 11ft. of snow on the common, and the boys used to coast from the top of Bunker-hill monument clear away down to Charles river. "We don't have no such weather now. Call this cold weather! Why, it's dog-days and yellow fever to what it used to be when I was young. Yes, them was cold snaps when me and Paul Revere used to skate down to Minot's Ledge to play hockey with the Provincetown boys. You'd say it was chilly if you saw my brother 'Lije's iron teeth (we didn't have no fancy dentists in those days, and when 'Lijah broke his front teeth on a bet that he could chaw a stick of frozen mercury out of Captain Jones's thermometer my uncle Eph, the blacksmith, cast him a new set)—if you'd a' seen 'Lije's teeth glued together by the frost so we couldn't open them without a cold-chisel and blasting powder, you'd have said so too."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

SIR HILDERBERT'S BRAND.

I.

"I swear to you," said Lady Jane, striking her large hand passionately on the oaken table by which she sat, until the ponderous piece of furniture quivered, "it shall never be!"

"And how do you propose preventing it?" queried Colonel Ashton, grimly. "Lionel is entirely his own master, and, believe me, he has too much of your own nature to admit of interference."

"A beggarly dependent!" broke in Lady Jane, impetuously; "a creature bred by the foolish bounty of his dead father, to overthrow the hopes of the house. Ashton, my brain whirls when I think of it!"

She rose from her seat, and walked impatiently up and down the echoing apartment, while her companion watched her curiously.

A keen wind was dashing masses of ivy across the lancet-shaped windows, and shaking and bending the leafy coronals of the park timber, and roaring down the wide chimney, whirling clouds of sparks from the smouldering logs upon the ample hearth. The sky was clear, and the autumn sun lent a faint gilding to the sober hues of the fading leaves, and to the bare, brown uplands stretching away into the horizon, and even fell feebly into the lofty room, to be swallowed by the sombre hue of the polished floor and the tarnished hangings of Spanish leather, showing quaint and faded splendours of gilding that gloomed upon the walls. The roof of the chamber was arched, and beams of oak intersected each other in elaborate design.

It was a grand room, in wonderful preservation, but utterly comfortless, and almost destitute of furniture, though it was the frequent resort of Lady Jane, the mistress of Rooktowers. Yet, looking at her as she suddenly paused and faced Colonel Ashton, one would say that she was in perfect keeping with her surroundings.

She was a large, masculine-looking woman, whom no freshness of youth or flush of happiness could have ever rendered even handsome, but her lofty port and imperious eyes at once commanded attention. Her figure was fine, erect, and dignified, but the sallow face was haggard, and mapped with lines and wrinkles that told more of mental than physical wear. A widow's cap, of anything but the newest mode, was tied under her iron chin, and though an antiquated mantle, lined with priceless sable, was flung over the back of the carved oaken chair from which she had risen, her sombre black robes were neither new nor fashionable. Her eyes gleamed with strong excitement as she faced Colonel Ashton.

"Look out," she said, passionately, waving her hand toward the nearest window, "as far as your eye can reach stretch the lands of Rooktowers. From the day my son was born to me I have toiled to free his inheritance from debt, and not one of those mighty trees, not a rood of his ancestral acres, has passed into the hands of strangers; and now, when wealth that would restore fourfold of the grandeur of the house is cast at his feet, he scorns it for the love of that——" She ground her strong teeth, and flung her clenched hand out with a gesture of burning rage and loathing impossible to describe.

"He who will to Cupar maun to Cupar," said the old soldier, tritely. "Jane, Jane, let the laddie have his way. Anna is a sweet lassie, and would fit the old title rarely."

The veteran's bronzed face relaxed into a smile, and a tender light shone in his brown eyes. Despite the unsightly scar slashing his face from chin to brow, he looked what he was—an old Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and with the heart of a lion; a magnanimous nature; heroic, yet tender; just, but merciful.

Lady Jane flashed at him a look of impatience; but if there was a being in the world before whom she made an effort to control her fiery temper, it was her cousin, Colonel Alexander Ashton, of the Indian service.

"You say the place is out of debt," he resumed, after a moment's pause; "and really I think a young fellow with a clear rent-roll of ten thousand a year can afford to please himself in marriage."

"Ten thousand a year!" cried Lady Jane, contemptuously. "Why, Ashton, Lionel has it in his power to become master of fifty thousand before two moons have waxed and waned, if it were not for his own mad folly!"

"As how?" inquired the colonel, quietly.

"By marrying Mrs. Grace. She is young, lovely, completely her own mistress, and is madly devoted to him."

"Mrs. Grace, whose husband was drowned last year while yachting amongst the Greek islands?"

"The same."

Lady Jane's sallow face flushed dully as the colonel looked at her fixedly.

"Lady Jane," he said, addressing her by her title, "am I to understand that you deliberately invited me down in order that I should lend my countenance to this scheme of forcing your only son into a marriage with that notorious woman?"

"She is visited by several of the county families," retorted Lady Jane, "and I never heard that she went beyond the limits of allowable flirtation with that person."

"Then you are unacquainted with the fact that her husband's death was that of a suicide, driven to madness by her conduct?"

Lady Jane's dauntless eyes quailed before the mild rebuke conveyed in the veteran's voice and glance, and she was hesitating for a reply when a servant man threw open the door and announced "Mrs. Grace to your ladyship," thus sparing her the necessity of framing an immediate answer.

Colonel Ashton at first thought of withdrawing, but another idea occurred to him, and after placing a chair for the visitor, he resumed his seat, placing himself with his back to the light, in order that he might attentively observe Lady Jane's visitor, with whom he had already had a slight acquaintance, though they had not met for a considerable time.

With perfect confidence in her complexion Mrs. Grace nestled down into a chair directly facing the cold autumnal light pouring in through one of the lofty windows, and a sweet, luxurious glow seemed to shine from her over all the grand and gloomy apartment. She was a fair, gracious, sleepy-eyed-looking creature, blonde—but blonde as one of Rubens's glowing creations—an undertone of rose blushing through all the lovely skin, and deepening on the cheeks and lips to a rare, delicate scarlet, the hair taking a red gold where the light fell on its massive braids, and the eyes that decided blue that one sees in a July sky. The long, curled lashes of brown gold lent a softness and depth to them which they did not possess; and the whole effect of the lovely face was that of a soft, impressionable nature. She was tall, and her figure inclined to a certain *embonpoint*, not yet erring beyond the perfect curves of grace, and her tightly-fitting robe of black velvet displayed its undulating beauty to perfection. Her smile was dazzling, parting the scarlet curves of her rich lips easily, like the laughter of a child, and showing the small, fine teeth; and her laugh was infectious, low, mellow, musical, creeping into the most ascetic soul, and charming its owner into a sympathetic smile. Consequently she smiled more than she spoke, and taught her languishing eyes to express what she would have known.

She had thrown aside the distinctive dress of a widow, though she still wore black, especially, indeed, because it suited her radiant complexion; but flashes of fire and red gleamed from the ruby and diamond locket at her magnificent throat, and a white ostrich plume decorated the black velvet toque that crowned her lovely head. Her muff was of priceless sable, the rose lining gleaming warmly; and on the leaf-strewn drive below there was a little park phaeton, lined with rose-coloured velvet, and drawn by a pair of ponies, black and gleaming, as though carved from jet, and held by a groom mounted on a horse that might have borne an Alexander to conquest.

Lady Jane's eyes roved hungrily over the richly-clad form of the wealthy beauty, and she glanced impatiently toward the door in the faint hope of seeing the stalwart form of her son, Lord Usher, enter, for a quick step rang along the echoing corridor without; and by the sudden leaping open of the languid eyes of her guest, the parting of her dewy lips, and the slow tide of darker rose that dyed her from throat to brow, she understood that Mrs. Grace had recognized the footfall. But it passed the closed door, and then a sudden laugh came ringing back through the silent house—the jubilant laugh of a young girl, clear, pure, ringing like the peal of silver joy-bells swinging under a crescent moon, followed by a man's deeper tones in gay remonstrance. There was the thunderous closing of a distant door, and silence dropped suddenly upon the house.

Lady Jane's face turned to the grey of sunless granite, and she rang the bell with a quick, imperious peal, that brought a grey-haired servant quickly to the room.

"Tell Lord Usher that I wish to see him," she said quickly; and turning graciously to Mrs. Grace she added, "Lionel was so anxious to have your opinion upon the re-furnishing of the South Room. Why do you not go"? she said sharply, seeing that the old man hesitated.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, but my lord has gone out."

"Follow him, then; he cannot have gone far."

"He went on Boreas, my lady, and he and Miss Arundel rode away very swift."

"That will do," said Lady Jane, in the measured, expressionless voice of one who is secretly torn with a rage she would fain conceal.

Mrs. Grace smiled as the man withdrew—a soft smile, that brought into play the fairy dimples that lingered round her lips, and Lady Jane leaned sternly back in her chair, and her mellow voice said:

"We are not so distant that Lord Usher could not make leisure to pay me a visit at my house of Ivy Grange, when it would suit his convenience. My mornings are always at my disposal. I am a lonesome woman," she said, looking up at Colonel Ashton with humid eyes, "with no family ties, and I really feel grateful to any one who gives me occupation for my weary hours. I shall be only too happy to place my art experience at the disposal of Lord Usher."

She felt the necessity of conciliating Colonel Ashton, whose influence she knew to be paramount with the young peer; but the veteran had seen the dull, sullen opacity that had suddenly clouded the dreamy azure of of her eyes on hearing the distant laughter of her young rival; and he believed as much in her smooth repose and tender smile as in the harmlessness of the coiled serpent in its stair in the fiery jungle. Yet he remained chatting with his cousin and her guest until the latter took her departure, and stood bareheaded on the great steps until the fairy equipage and its owner had crossed the moat bridge, and flashed away amongst the great beeches and oaks of the park, with faint gleams of silver and rose sparkling back amongst the brown boles of the ancestral timbers.

Then resting his hand on the head of a noble dog that walked gravely at his side, he strolled past the bridge, and wandered thoughtfully along the outer margin of the wide moat, where melancholy yews leant over the unruffled water, buried in a profound and painful reverie.

Lady Jane, left to solitude, tried to busy herself with some business papers awaiting her attention on a quaintly carved escretoir of oak, black with age; but after a few moments of restless rustling amongst the documents, the grim woman recommenced pacing the floor, and finally paused at one of the windows, and resting against the framework, stared vacantly out over the swaying trees to where, in the extreme distance, the mellow old walls of Ivy Grange caught the fading glow of parting day.

Mrs. Grace's principal property lay in a neighbouring county, but the old red-brick house, with its mullioned windows, wide moat, and picturesque grounds, brought a sombre fire to Lady Jane's eyes, as they called more vividly than ever to her memory the fact that they had once formed a portion of the Usher estate, and that her son's ring fence had to make an ugly curve instead of sweeping round the Grange property in a bold embrace.

From this her mind sprang to the lordly towers, some score of miles away, with their kingly stretches of park, their nestling hamlets, their smilling pastures, their myriad farms, all owning the bright beauty who worshipped her son, for their mistress, and between him and all this a girl's face rose, with wide, starry eyes, that snared his heart, steeled him against the iron will of his mother, and lent him a triple armour of indifference to the wealth of beauty and gold that was ready to fall into his careless hand.

Lady Jane clenched her muscular hands, and her brows met in a deadly frown. She made a sudden gesture, as though crushing something under her heel, and drew a little back from the window as her son and Miss Arundel came flying up the avenue, the girl's loosened hair swaying on the air like a golden cloud, while Lord Usher leant towards her, laughing at something she was saying.

She watched them unperceived while he lifted the girl from the saddle, and then she observed Colonel Ashton join them, and slipping his hand through Lord Usher's arm, drew him away by the moat walk, while Miss Arundel lingered for an instant looking after them, and then entered the house.

With the quiet delicacy that distinguished him, Colonel Ashton inquired of Lord Usher if he still adhered to his intention of marrying Anna Arundel, and the frank and cordial affirmative that the young man gave him gratified the veteran not a little. Yet he was anxious to probe Lord Usher's heart deeper, and his keen glance rested on him searchingly as he said:

"This Mrs. Grace—your mother assures me that it lies entirely with yourself to become the owner of the Priory. Are you certain that you love Anna sufficiently to surrender so much for her?"

Lord Usher's brown eyes darkened, and flashed angrily, and wrathful scarlet dyed his bronzed cheeks. He swept his hand round him impatiently.

"Look!" he said. "Have I not a handsome income and a fine estate, thanks to the exertions of my mother? and yet that very mother would have me sell myself for more of the glittering dross. I cannot discover how Lady Jane has so completely given herself over to—what shall I term it? Were I speaking of another, I should say avarice."

His eyes expressed sorrow and shame, and Colonel Ashton laid his hand lightly on his arm.

"She is your mother, and you are her only child," he said. "When your uncle died, and you succeeded to the title and estates, everything was in a ruinous condition, and it was only by an arduous life of toil that she has done what she has. We must not blame her if she has hardened a little in the process."

"I would rather have lived and died a beggar," cried Lord Usher, impetuously. "Why, I can remember my mother a tender, loving woman, bearing comparative poverty cheerfully with my poor father and myself, her hand and heart open to every tale of distress; and it was only this morning that we quarrelled violently, because she wished the Usher dole to the poor four times a year to be stopped; and sometimes I tremble for Anna, she hates her so entirely."

An expression of uneasiness crossed Colonel Ashton's face, but he made no reply, and in moody silence Lord Usher sauntered by his side, his hands plunged into his pockets, and his head bent on his broad chest. His fine, rather stern face darkened and hardened, and judging it best to leave his mood to brighten of itself, Colonel Ashton paced silently at his side.

"Lionel!" cried a voice, suddenly, behind them. The word dropped through the air like the single peal of a bell, and ended in a ripple of laughter, as Lord Usher and his companion turned with a start toward the intruder on their solitude.

A young creature, slender as a willow, bright and beautiful, with wide arch eyes, a broad, low forehead, and delicate chin, a face not of the true oval, but with rich clusters of chestnut hair, lying in rings on the smooth forehead, and in soft curls round the fine neck. A delicate nose, slightly aquiline, and a sweet, womanly mouth, crimson and curved, sensitive and with flickering dimples at the corners. Altogether, very like a picture by a late celebrated artist of Shakspeare's, Mistress Anne Page, as she stood watching them with arch blue eyes, that were indeed nearly black, and holding a pale-blue scarf under her fine chin, for she was dressed for dinner.

Lord Usher's face cleared instantly, but he looked almost pitifully at the frail, bright creature, as a thought of his stern mother swept across his brain, and he suddenly put out his strong right arm, and drew her closely to his side.

"My love," he said, gently, "I do not wish you to stay in this chilly damp air; let us go in."

She obeyed with a sweet, submissive grace, and they walked slowly toward the house, she clinging to his arm.

He was a determined-looking man, with square, massive jaws, and resolute mouth and nostrils. He would probably age soon in appearance; but the broad brow was frank, and the air of the head bold and heroic-looking. His eyes were not large, but fine in colour and wonderfully expressive. It was a frequent remark that Anna Arundel never looked so lovely as when close to Lord Usher, and that, on his part, something of her exceeding sweetness and loveliness seemed to touch him with its softening reflection.

II.

When Mrs. Grace reached home, she made an elaborate toilet (it was a necessity of her nature that she should decorate her beauty), and then partook of a solitary but exquisitely perfect little dinner, in a tiny dining-room hung with bronze velvet, with a dash of pink quivering through it, and a half-barbaric panelling of dead gold, flashed with crimson roses, through the tangled masses of which peered dusky faces of wonderful loveliness, dimly seen, but all the lovelier for the dreamy haze over them. A candelabrum of gold and scarlet enamel bore in its branches great wax tapers—the sole illumination; and a vast mirror occupied one end of the apartment, round which a huge vine, with flowers like stars of pale gold, had been skilfully trained.

On a slender pillar of green malachite there rested a curious censer of fretted silver, from which a faint cloud of perfume rolled in pale-blue wreaths. For the rest, low Moorish couches, a tinted statue of Aphrodite, a crouching Cupid, and a golden ring in which swung a gorgeous parrot.

Not a book—Mrs. Grace never read; not a musical instrument—Mrs. Grace never played. No fairy work-table with implements of pearl and gold. A crimson fire burned silently in the grate, and through the drapery of a lofty arch a small but gorgeous conservatory sent its quota of perfume and brilliancy into the apartment.

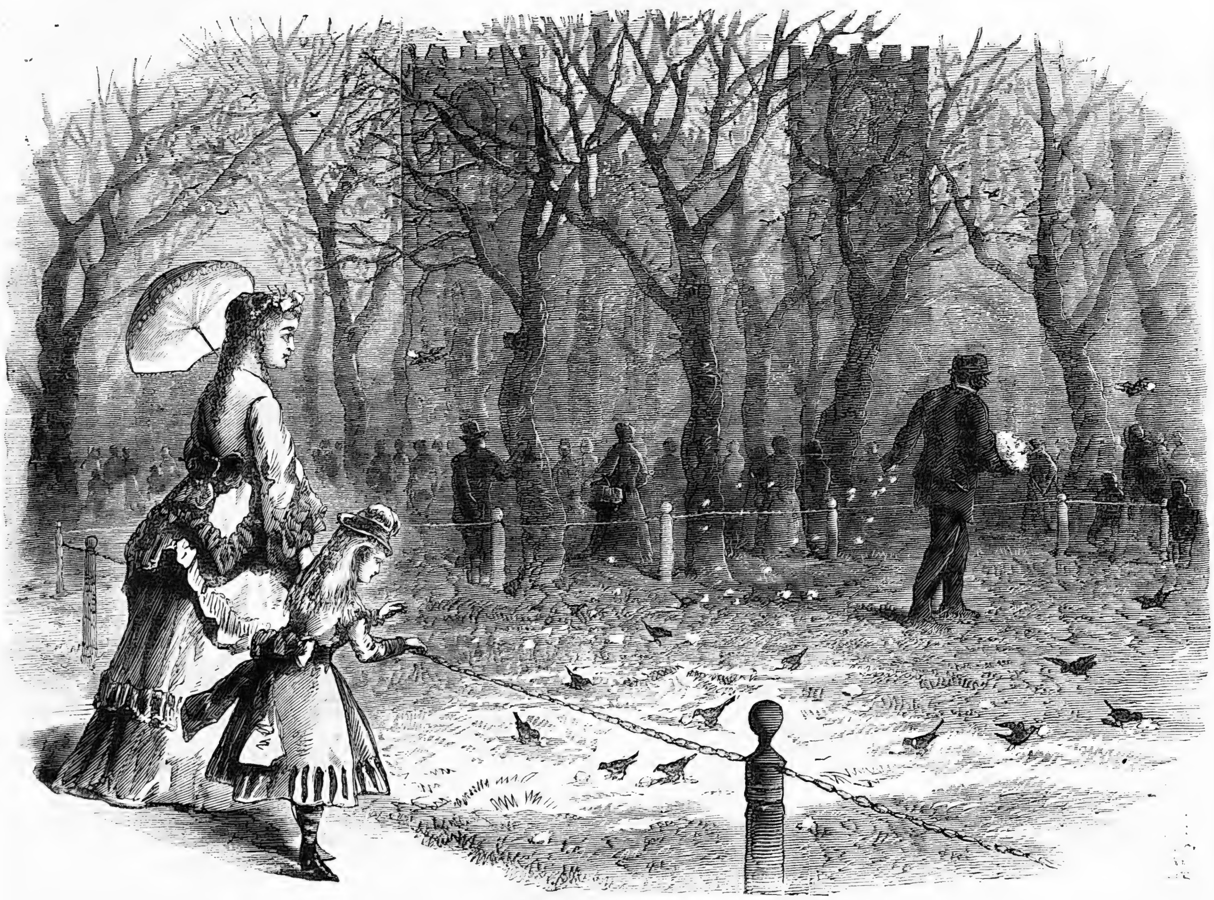
A small round table, with a top of dark greenish marble, which threw up the bloom of the peaches and the pearl and purple of the grapes of the dessert finely, was drawn to the fire, and at it sat Mrs. Grace, drinking wine as a man might have done, and smoking a cigarette with the most perfect *insouciance*.

She was quite alone. She sacrificed so far to the proprieties that her cigarettes were enjoyed in solitude, as also another little habit she had contracted of smoking opium from a jewelled pipe, when she felt *ennuyée*, which was of frequent occurrence. She was thinking deeply, and her eyes had assumed that peculiar opacity which Colonel Ashton had surprised in them—a sign with her of something deadly surging through her mind. Otherwise her face betrayed nothing.

After some half-hour of intense thought, she rose from her seat, and passing through the arch, walked through the conservatory towards a little room at the opposite end, where she was in the habit of writing. Her mind was full of the very gall of bitterness, but she paused for a second to watch the pearly bud of a lily—nay, to touch it lightly with her jewelled fingers. She broke a rose camellia from its stem, and placed it in her bosom, and then passed on.

A shaded lamp held by a whitely gleaming Hermes lighted a small buhl writing-cabinet, with a velvet chair standing in readiness before it, into which she threw herself, and after a moment's consideration wrote six words on the perfumed sheet:

"Come. I have need of you."



WINTER.——FEEDING THE FEATHERED TRIBE.

She folded the paper, and placed it in an envelope, not one emblazoned with her crest and monogram, such as she generally used, but a plain pink one, which she fastened securely, and directed in a bold, square hand, "Alfiero Roncazzi, —— Club, Piccadilly, London."

Having finished this, she leant back indolently, dreamily gazing at the letter, when suddenly a low, heavy sigh, so close to her that the feathery waves of her hair stirred with its breath, roused her from her reverie. With a start she turned, but the tiny apartment was empty, flooded with light, no shadowy corners to conceal aught from her startled glance; but there was that indefinable *something* in the air that tells one that one has not been alone.

An icy shudder shook her as she stood breathlessly gazing round, and her bright hair stirred with momentary horror. The broad light and deadly silence were terrible; she was almost alone in this wing of the house, and it did not want its family traditions of dark and awful deeds done in it. For a second she stood motionless, watching and listening with dilated eye, and strained hearing; but she was a bold woman, and speedily shook off the supernatural terror which had bound hers Another fear seized her. She glanced at the jewels flashing on her arms and bosom, and she turned and struck a silver bell near at hand with such force that its alarm came faintly back to her.

Without waiting the arrival of a domestic, she seized a small Japanese dagger from an *étagère* laden with foreign curiosities, and after a glance at the conservatory, which assured her that it was empty of any embodied presence, she opened a small door in the opposite wall of the room, and rushed into a corridor lighted by the faint wintry moonlight pouring across it in wide, ghostly bars from the tall and narrow windows, which swept one side of its imposing length.

It was a picture-gallery, and the squires and dames of the house glared pallidly from their frames as the faint light struck on their faded colours.

Convinced that it was empty, and that her imagination had been alone to blame for the heavy sigh that had startled her. the turned to re-enter the apartment she had left, when a sudden clash and clang at the extreme end of the corridor sent the blood bounding through her veins with fresh terror.

It was fortunate that an old servant appeared at this moment, in answer to her summons, or she would have shrieked aloud with terror of she knew not what, and her ghastly face startled the old man as he advanced toward her.

"Bring the light into the corridor," she commanded. "I think there are robbers in the house."

Impatient of his slow movements, she snatched the lamp from his hand, and motioning him to follow, walked swiftly up the corridor. Holding the lamp above her head, she looked on the floor, expecting to see the origin of the loud crash in some overturned piece of armour, numbers of which lined the walls; but nothing of the kind was visible; and, in utter bewilderment, she stood gazing at the ground, with the lamp still upheld by her large, snowy arm. Her bosom, partially concealed by the rare old point of the cape she wore, heaved rapidly, and the muscles of her round throat quivered. Her state of stupefaction was broken by the quavering voice of old Joseph, exclaiming, in shrill accents of surprise and dismay:

"Eh! Sir Hilderbert's Brand be's gone, he be?"

She cast her eyes up to a space above the door at the end of the corridor, where the sword of one of the knights of the house, dead for three hundred years, had always hung, and her heart sank and died within her as she perceived that it had vanished from its accustomed place.

Joseph's white head shook with a sudden palsy of terror, and, in accents of unmitigated fright, he exclaimed:

"Come away, my lady; come away! It's an awful sign for he house, this be. Not only felled down, but clean gone! Why, its falling, alone, has always been a death-sign to one of the house, and now it's clean gone."

"Fool!" cried Mrs. Grace, in a sudden burst of passion, "Dolt! Sir Hilderbert's Brand came with the house when it came into our possssion from the Ushers of Rooktowers."

"The sign is to them, then," muttered Joseph, backing up the corridor, his blinking eyes fixed on the empty space; but with an imperious gesture, Mrs. Grace said:

"Go and tell some of the men to search the house and grounds thoroughly. Sir Hilderbert's Brand has not vanished without hands!"

"It worn't worth much in money," muttered Joseph, as he retreated, shaking his head. "Ah, it was no robber as took it."

Mrs. Grace returned to the writing-cabinet, much disturbed and seated herself in the chair she had recently quitted. As she did so, her glance fell on the paper lying on the slant, and with eyes that shone with terror, Mrs. Grace read, written on the pink sheet which lay uppermost, in characters still wet and glistening:

"When Sir Hilderbert's Brand is restored to its place, look for judgment on your grievous sins."

That was all. Written in a square, stiff hand, that had no individuality; but the brief sentence struck untold terror into the heart of the reader, and with a cry of dismay she fled wildly from the apartment, holding the paper in her deathly cold hand, and reaching the sybaritish boudoir in which she had dined, sank breathless and senseless on the carpet.

(*To be continued.*)

Epilepsy or Fits.—A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any chemist. Sent free to any address on application to PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN, 2, King-street, Covent-Garden, London.

A great deal has been written lately upon the subject of the number of desertions in the army, and the difficulty of detecting the culprits. One difficulty may be attributed to the new system of giving five shillings instead of twenty for the capture of a deserter.

We have all heard more than was pleasant about the adulteration of coffee with chicory. But there is a lower deep. The Inland Revenue Board are "surprised to find" that there is a trade in adulterated chicory. A chicory-roaster has been detected mixing scorched rye with the article which he sells to the dealers as chicory, and which they, in turn, would, no doubt, mix with and sell to the public as coffee. The roaster admitted that this has been his practice, but said that he was using up his whole remaining stock of adulterants, in order to start on a new system in consequence of the Food Adulteration Aot of last Session.

The vicar of a parish not many miles from Bath was recently preaching a charity sermon, and in the course of his remarks he rebuked some of his parishioners who, he thought, simulated distress for the sake of obtaining assistance they did not really require. As an illustration of this weakness, he mentioned that, during one of his pastoral visits, he entered a cottage of one of the supposed delinquents, where he found everything neat and clean, and what was more, a large plateful of buttered toast before the fire. "Yes," he repeated emphatically, "*buttered* toast; and did that," he asked, "look like want?" In the brief pause which ensued this outburst of energy, a voice indignantly responded, "No, 'twern't butter neither; 'twere only drippen!" The effect of this correction upon pastor and flock can be better imagined than described.

Before the discussion on spiritualism is consigned to the obscurity it deserves, it is worth recording that a very fair chance of proving their assertions was offered to the spiritualists some years ago. In 1855 a number of eminent mediums and clairvoyantes were in Dublin, and practised their arts before all classes with great success. Even Archbishop Whately condescended to minutely examine what was submitted for his consideration, and vainly attempted to find some platform firm enough to bear an argument. Sir Philip Crampton admitted that he was unable to explain the phenomena which his friends assured him they had witnessed, but he proposed a test to prove the truth of the assertions of the clairvoyantes and others, who maintained then, as they maintain still, that they can see where ordinary mortal eyes cannot. Sir Philip Crampton enclosed a bank-note in several envelopes so as to be quite invisible, and promised to give it to any person who would tell him the number. The only stipulation he made was that all experiments on his envelope were to be carried on in his presence. Several attempts were made, and it need scarcely be said they failed. It was then rumoured that the parcel contained no bank-note. Sir Philip thereupon opened it in the presence of witnesses and exhibited a fifty-pound note, which he restored to his pocket.

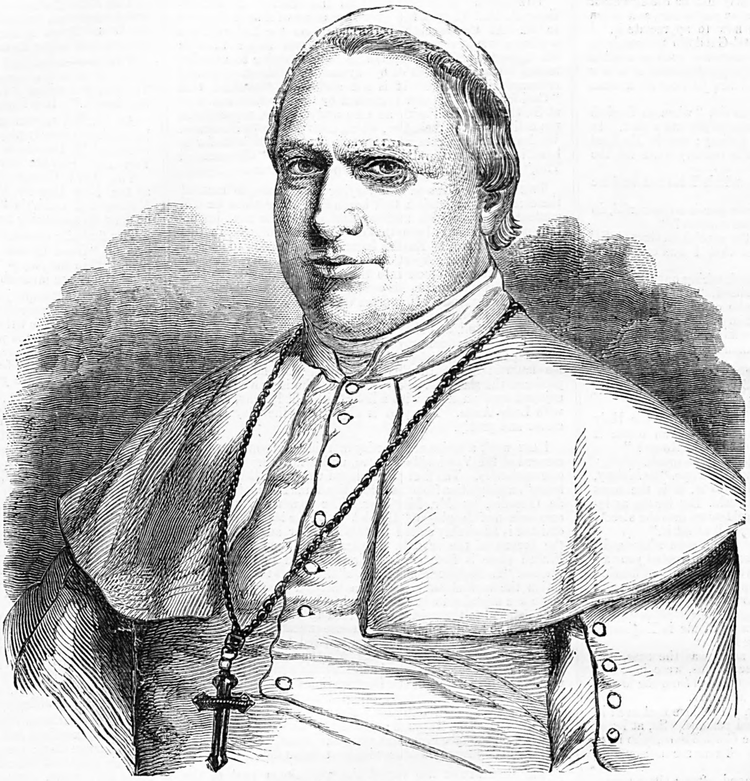
MEN I HAVE INTERVIEWED.

No. II.—Pope Pius IX.

I was in hopes that circumstances would have enabled me to assign to his Excellency Count Schouvaloff the second place in this series. It is from no fault of my own that I am compelled to omit him. I gave him the chance. The porter at the Russian Embassy placed my card in a position where he must have seen it the very moment he arrived. Brunnow himself assured me that he should be informed of my willingness to interview him at the earliest opportunity. Moreover, I called on him personally, and sent up word that I was quite prepared to hear all he had to say on the Central Asian, the Persian, the Bessarabian, the Roumanian, the Rutherian, the Black Sea Question, on the Eastern Question generally, and on all or any of these. I even entered the house, and finding he was not in the Chancery, went into the dining-room, where, as it was between one and two o'clock, I made sure I should catch him at lunch. There, in fact, he was, with the Baroness Brunnow on one side and a *pâté de foie gras* on the other.

"Good morning, Baroness," I said. "In the absence of the Baron perhaps you will permit me— But never mind," I added, fancying that I could detect signs of hesitation in her manner; "*entré hommes politiques* it is not necessary."

I then told the Count that my name was Thomas P. De Coventry, and that I should be glad to hear from his own lips what had brought him to London, what he had said to Lord Granville and Lord Granville to him at Walmer, what answer he was going to take back to his august master at St. Petersburg, together with anything he might wish to communicate, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, on the subject of Khiva, Balkh, Badakshan, the Syr-Daria, and an alleged cession of territory to Russia on the part of Persia.



POPE PIUS IX.

"Qu'est ce que, c'est que ce, monsieur?" said the Count, getting up and looking at me through his eye-glass.

I told him, with just a tinge of irony, which, I could see, was not lost upon him, that "ce monsieur" was tolerably well known in the world of journalism, that he was one of the most enterprising special correspondents of the day, a contributor to Passing Events, and so on; and that the object of his visit was to facilitate the accomplishment of Count Schouvaloff's mission.

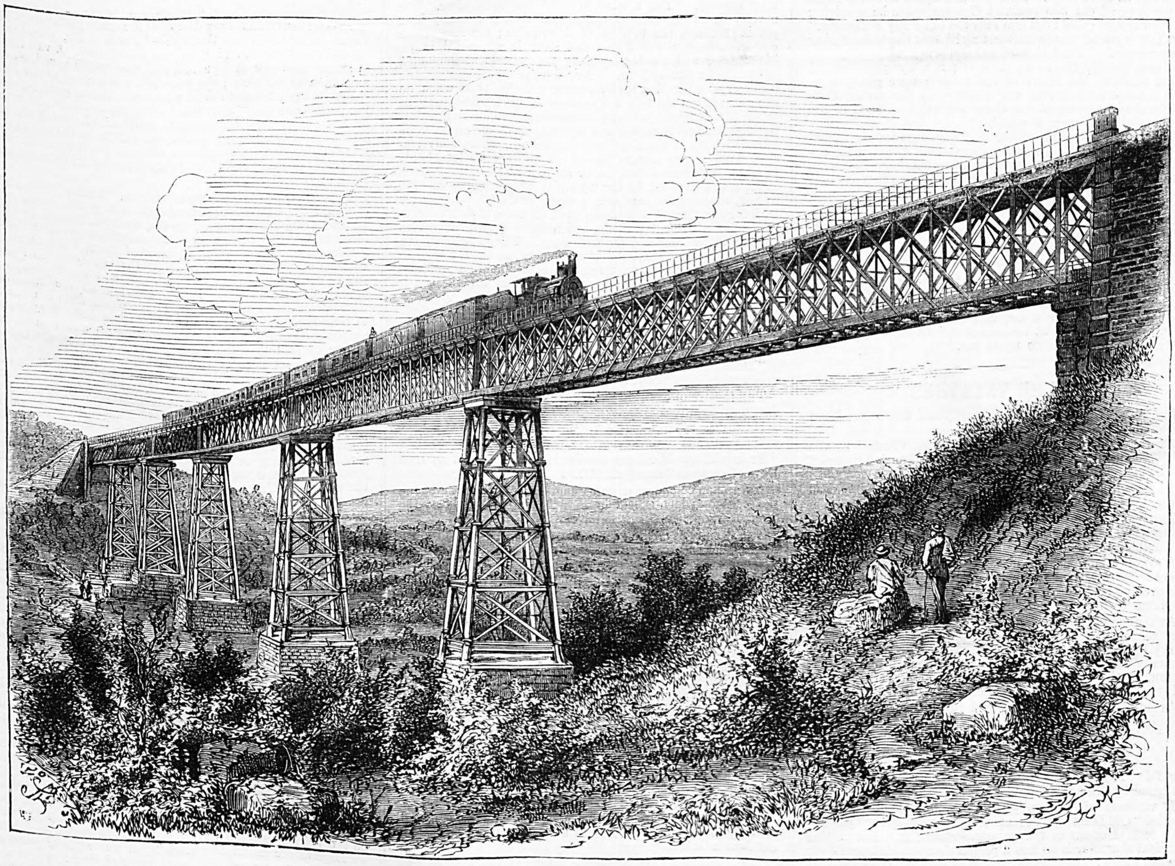
"This is unheard of!" exclaimed the Count, with a curious, thunderstruck sort of look which rather amused me. "C'est inoui, c'est vraiment inoui!"

At last I lost my temper, and said to him: "It may be unheard of, Monsieur le Comte, in Russia; but I would beg your Excellency to observe that in England the press is free."

"Exceedingly free!" replied Schouvaloff.

The Baroness smiled. I saw that there was really nothing to be done in the matter, and soon afterwards—in fact, as quickly as I well could without seeming abrupt—took my departure.

"I have interviewed better men than you, Count Schouvaloff," I said to myself as I walked home through the Park; "and from the Pope to the Claimant never before was I received as you received me just now. The Claimant may or may not be the rightful heir; he at least behaved with civility when I called upon him in



RAILWAY VIADUCT ACROSS THE IGLAWA VALLEY.

Jermyn-street. The Pope may or may not be the successor of St. Peter; he is in any case an Italian gentleman, and when one pays him a compliment knows how to appreciate it. I went from Rome all the way to Castel-Gandolfo purposely to interview him; and on an important occasion, such as another Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the proclamation of a new dogma, would travel almost any distance to hear his notions on the subject."

"I always feel flattered," he said to me, "when an English writer of eminence like yourself comes to pay me a visit. In Italy journalists are the refuse of society; but in England all the most distinguished men in the country write for the press."

As the Holy Father claims to be infallible I did not venture to contradict him.

"Now tell me," he said, "you whose pen is so powerful, do you ever occupy yourself with religious matters?"

I told him that I had described the special services at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and that I had once interviewed Spurgeon.

"Spurgeon! Spurgeon!" he repeated, taking out a large red silk handkerchief, and wiping his forehead. "That is, if I mistake not, the Anglican minister who came to Rome and assembled his countrymen to hear him preach? I believe he preached about me. And pastor Cumming, does that eminent Scotch divine still continue to announce my approaching fall?"

Anxious not to compromise myself, I said that I knew very little about Dr. Cumming; nor, indeed, have I ever thought it worth while to interview this ecclesiastic.

"He is an energetic controversialist," continued the Holy Father, "but he cannot write Latin, cannot even quote it correctly. And now tell me what you think of Rome?"

I answered that the Eternal City pleased me much.

"Apart from its antiquity," continued the Pope, "its history, and the sacred character that belongs to it, it is the most peaceful, the most orderly city in the world. But for the agitators, it would be a little Paradise. I seldom go into the streets of Rome myself, but Antonelli tells me all about it."

"Do you play the piano?" he asked me soon afterwards. "I ordered that instrument, which I see has attracted your attention, from Paris, that I might have the pleasure of hearing Ziset from time to time. I leave it open, just as it is now, and when he is in the humour he sits down and plays. He has fingers like the wires of an electric battery."

"I hope you sometimes think kindly of me in England," he said, when I made signs of leaving him.

I assured the Holy Father that such was the case, and that if "No Popery," and similar inscriptions, were here and there to be seen on our walls, they proceeded from the lowest and most ignorant members of the community.

"As for that," he went on to say, "I believe that even in Rome itself you might find dissatisfied persons. So, at least, Antonelli has told me. Look at the Garibaldians, who have their emissaries here as elsewhere. There are malcontents under all Governments."

"Talking of Garibaldi," he continued, after a short pause, "what do you think of him? Do you happen to know him?"

"There is no man, your Holiness," I replied, "whom I have interviewed more often. I did him at Naples, after the flight of the King; I did him again at Caprera, when he was lying there wounded; and I did him only the other day at Geneva."

"You were at the prize meeting?" said the Holy Father with a smile. "Pax! clamat, sed non erit pax."

I now thought it was my turn to put a few questions. I asked whether the affairs of the Church were going on as well as could be expected, and whether, in the event of the Garibaldians entering Rome, there was any likelihood of the Papacy being set up in England.

The Holy Father evaded the first question, but in regard to the second said, with a significant nod, "that more improbable things had happened even than that."

Finally, I asked him whether he was at work on any new dogmas, and, if so, whether he would mind obliging me with the details, that I might telegraph them home to the papers. But he did not appear quite to seize my meaning; and as he had previously told me that De Failly was to arrive that afternoon in Rome from Civita Vecchia, at the head of his newly disembarked army, I determined not to lose the opportunity of being the first to interview the French General.

On taking leave of the Holy Father I assured him of my profound respect, and asked him, as a matter of course, for his blessing. He gave it me, and was pleased, at the same time, to say that he had seen many remarkable Englishmen, but none who quite came up to me.

AT THE THEATRES.

Mr. Albery's new romantic comedy will not be produced at the Globe till Easter.

At the conclusion of the run of "The Rivals" at the Charing-cross Theatre, Mr. Byron's comedy "Time's Triumph" will be brought out.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Belmore, the part of Cromwell at the Lyceum Theatre is now undertaken by Mr. Markby.

The pantomime at the Victoria has been transferred to Sadler's Wells, and the Christmas entertainment which has so delighted the Islingtonians transplanted to the Victoria.

A special morning performance in aid of the sufferers by the *Northfleet* calamity takes place at the Strand Theatre this evening (Saturday). "Old Soldiers" and "The Lady of the Lane" will be played.

At the end of the run of the pantomime Moncrieff's Oriental spectacle of "The Cataract of the Ganges" will be revived at Drury Lane after the lapse of fifty years. This was the first. drama in which real water was employed in aid of scenic effect. It ran, in the season of 1823, fifty-four nights, and brought Elliston, who was then the manager, a profit of £7,000.

After the all but unprecedented run of over 400 consecutive nights, Offenbach's opera bouffe, "Genevieve de Brabant," will, at the close of the present month, be withdrawn from the boards of the Philharmonic Theatre. It will be succeeded on the 1st of March by Mr. H. Farnie's adaptation of M. Leo Delibe's fanciful "Fleur-de-lys," in which the principal part will be sustained by Miss Emily Soldene.

A version of D'Ennery's "Chevaliers du Brouillard," entitled "Old London," has been brought out at the Queen's, with Miss Hodson in the principal character. But as this principal character is no less a person than our old friend Jack Sheppard under a new name, we are afraid the Lord Chamberlain will interfere. Unless, indeed, the exhaustion consequent on vetoing "Tricoche et Cacolet" will keep him quiet for the next six months.

The revival of Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutte" at the St. George's Hall Theatre has proved as successful as it deserves to be. At the seventh performance, on the 1st inst., the audience was even more enthusiastic and larger than on the Saturday before. Repetitions in public give to a performance what is unattainable by any number of the most careful rehearsals in private. It is not surprising, therefore, that "Cosi fan Tutte" is now presented by the excellent company at St. George's Hall with an ease and rapidity, especially in the delivery of the recitative, which adds greatly to its charm. We learn that the company to whom we are indebted for it have in active preparation the same master's "Clemenza di Tito," and the "Matrimonio Segreto" of Cimarosa.

The Royalty gives an ever-varying programme, to recount the changes in which is a task beyond us. Therefore we will content ourselves with noticing that one of the most important productions has been that of "Elle est Folle." In this piece Sir Bernard, an English baronet, has occasion to consult Dr. Gollack on the subject of his wife's eccentricity, but when the doctor comes to look into the case it is discovered that he himself is the lunatic, his mad point being the infidelity of his wife, Lady Anne. It appears that years ago the mad man considered he had discovered an intrigue between his wife and Sir Maxwell, and slew his rival in a duel. The combination of circumstances prey upon his mind and affect his brain, whereupon it is the doctor's duty to guide him gently from his hallucination. In this he succeeds, for he eventually produces the slaughtered Sir Maxwell, who is proved to have enjoyed love passages with a little girl called Nelly, and not with Lady Anne. The plot is slight, but the play is both clever and pretty.

Last week a series of Saturday morning performances commenced at the Vaudeville Theatre, under not very auspicious circumstances. The first piece played was one called "Madeleine," an adaptation from the "Supplice d'une Femme" of Emile de Girardin, by Mr. Mortimer. The somewhat hackneyed comparison of the play of "Hamlet" with the leading character omitted is admirably suited to this singular adaptation; for the breach of the seventh commandment, upon which the French piece is founded, is entirely omitted in the English version. "Le Supplice d'une Femme" illustrates in dialogue and action the mental sufferings of a married woman, who has made one mistake in her duty to her husband, who has for once listened to the voice and yielded to the temptations of another, the result being a child, whose endearments are afterwards to her as "the red-hot iron applied to the shoulder of the criminal." According to Mr. Mortimer he has done no more than scribble the eternal and inevitable packet of letters, which, the revelations of the Divorce Court being ignored, is the standard stage extent of an Englishwoman's infidelity. The powerful acting of a reinforced company only just managed to pull the piece through; absurdity being so palpably stamped on the face of it, that even the smart version of the original dialogue would otherwise have fallen flat.

Mr. Buckstone has varied the preliminary part of the Haymarket programme by the production of a slight farcical sketch, entitled "The Manager in Love," which is likely to serve the purpose of "playing the people in" to Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedy, "The Wicked World," for some time. The novelty is so exceedingly slight that it will scarcely bear passing through the process of description; but the single embarrassment which forms the story is whimsical in its illustration, and the dialogue by which it is accompanied lively and unpretentious. Mr. George Washington, the manager of a London theatre, never happier than when he can escape from the toils and troubles of his lesseeship, seeks solace in a courtship which promises to secure for him perfect freedom from all anxieties and associations of the stage. His intended bride is the daughter of a colonel, whose conversation, having been always limited to military matters, holds forth the expectation that, under his roof at least, no possible allusion will be made to the mysteries of management. No sooner, however, has he made a more intimate acquaintance with the members of the family than he finds each is in possession of a five-act tragedy, which he is drawn aside into corners to pronounce judgment upon. The growth of the perplexities which surround the manager, as he is sworn in every confidential case to preserve the authorship a profound secret until the play has been produced at his theatre, is divertingly exhibited.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

"Doit-on-le-dire" has been brought out with great success at the Galieries St. Hubert Theatre, in Brussels.

The theatre of Halisholy, in Hungary, has been completely destroyed by fire.

Handel's "Belshazzar" will be produced at one of the coming series of oratorio concerts at the Royal Albert Hall.

It is said that Mr. Reece received in all for his "Very Last Days of Pompeii" nearly £1,000.

An Italian composer named Filoni has composed an opera, the scene of which is laid in Paradise. It should cost the director who mounts it little for costumes.

Mr. Byron is writing a new play for the Adelphi, in which Mr. Emmet will appear; and he is also engaged on a new drama for the Princess's Theatre.

Mdlle. Titiens is suffering from an attack of bronchitis. She was unable to appear at a concert in Exeter where she was announced to sing.

M. Joachim, the excellent violinist, and his wife, who sings the music of Schumann so agreeably, have just appeared at a concert of the Society Felix Meritis, at Amsterdam.

Mr. Charles Mathews will not appear in London until Monday, June 9, when he will play at the Gaiety in "The Liar" and "Patter *versus* Clatter."

It is positively stated that Signor Campanini is engaged by Mr. Max Strakosch for the Adelina Patti tour in the United States of America next year.

The Emperor of Austria has written to Verdi, begging him to direct in person the forthcoming representations at Vienna of "Aida."

Rameau once boasted that he could put the *Gazette de Hollande* into music. A Viennese kapelmeister has gone still farther, having composed airs to a medley of advertisements cut from a German paper.

Mr. Mowbray is to be the lessee of the theatre now in course of erection at Cumberland-gate, Regent's-park. Another theatre, to be called the Imperial, is shortly to be built in Newington-causeway.

The *Volks Zeitung* says that Madame Lucca, who is at present in America, has paid 8,000 thalers to the management of the Grand Opera in Berlin as forfeit for having broken her engagement before its termination.

The new sensational drama by Messrs. D'Arcy and Ross, which is in active preparation for the Elephant and Castle Theatre, is entitled "Lantern Light; or, the Old Mint in Southwark." It is founded on a famous French *melodrame*.

An English version of "Les Sonnettes," the amusing duologue piece recently played at the Variétés by Madame Chaumont and M. Dupuis, is being arranged for the Gaiety. Miss Farren will play the lady's-maid part.

The Lord Chamberlain has prohibited the performance at the New Royalty Theatre of the whimsicality of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's "Tricoche et Cacolet." We suppose he must do something now and then.

The first silk stockings in this country were worn upon the legs of "Good Queen Bess," A.D. 1561. How comes it, then, that in the play of "Richard III." the young Princes and King Henry are invariably dressed in black silk stockings?

The Constantinople journals announce that Signor Pisani, a well-known composer of that city, has completed a new opera in five acts, with the title of "La Gitana," which is about to be produced in one of the principal theatres in Italy.

Someone has remarked that "actors could not be too grateful to architects; for it seems to have been a general plan with them to build every theatre as near as possible to a public-house."

Mr. Mapleson holds the lease of Drury-lane until the 18th of August, when a fresh term of five years will be granted, for which Mr. Chatterton, Mr. Mapleson, Mr. Harris, Mr. Fell, and several others are said to be competing.

The past week was fruitful in anniversaries in the history of music. On the 27th of January, 1756, Mozart was born at Salzburg; on the 28th, 1791, Hérold, at Paris; the 29th, 1782, Auber; the same date, 1792, Rossini; and finally the 31st, 1797, François Schubert, at Vienna.

It is expected that Mr. Mansell will produce at the St. James's Mr. Stephen Fiske's English version of "Rabagas," which has received the Lord Chamberlain's license. How admirably the *Figaro* hit off Mr. Mansell's condition in the Shakspearian quotation from "Timon of Athens," act iii. scene 4.

The new theatres of Paris, the Porte Saint Martin and the Renaissance, are rapidly progressing towards completion. The latter playhouse will positively be opened in about a month's time, as the carpenters and upholsterers are now at work. The Porte Saint Martin cannot very well be inaugurated before July next, as the foundations were only effected with the utmost difficulty, the site being extremely marshy.

A Paris correspondent argues that a married woman on the stage exercises less magnetism over an audience than a single woman does; that the fact that she belongs to another, that her brightest glances, sweetest dimples, and most musical tones are for him, unconsciously diminishes her influence, and states in illustration that there were offered in Paris what were called Christine Nilsson watches, which had a great sale, but when she took a husband their demand so sensibly diminished that the proprietor changed their name.

A contemporary thus describes a recent performance of the Amateur Orchestral Society:—"Truth to tell, the exhibition of Wednesday evening was but a sorry one. A vast array of instruments met the eye, and vigorous action gave life and animation to the scene; but even in the resonant Albert Hall the effect upon the ear raised a suspicion that a good many of the performers were 'dummies.' The orchestra played more or less out of tune throughout; it hesitated, and made its attacks feebly, while very much was left to be desired on the score of precision. Conspicuous amongst the first violins was the Duke of Edinburgh, who made his *début* on this occasion as an orchestral violinist.

To petenetrate to those magical regions "behind the scenes" is always the beloved dream of ingenuous youth, and ample means having been allowed to the Parisian idlers to gratify their desire, the threats of the authorities to close those theatres where the abuse was permitted has at last done away with a very pernicious custom. At the Gaité, in "La Poule aux Œufs d'Or," the last scene is rendered very effective by a procession of handsome ladies, showing all the beautiful women celebrated in the history of the world, from Eve down to Lola Montes. The ladies enacting these insignificant *roles* are only chosen for their personal charms, and it must in justice be said that the parts are very well played. Up to within the last week or two they were allowed to introduce their male or female friends to the enchanted world which the green curtain is supposed to conceal, and many joyous suppers took place between the acts. At last the wings were so crowded that the carpenters declared that they could not go through their work, and so all persons not obliged to assist at the performance were rigorously excluded. This harsh measure cast a veil of mourning over the fashionable clubs of Paris, and one young patrician, determined to be admitted, managed to pass the watchful Cerberus by waving a pair of curling-irons, and declaring that he was a hairdresser. This stratagem soon became known, and now the *coiffeurs* of the establishment are furnished with credentials, without which they are not allowed to pass the stage-door.

An entertainment, which, if not exactly dramatic, was of a far more interesting character than most of those usually noticed in this column, was given on Tuesday evening at the Cambridge Hall, Newman-street. If not dramatic, it might, however, with justice be styled pantomimic, since action certainly predominated. In fact, it was neither more nor less than a capital assault of arms given under the management of those well-known professors, Messrs. Donnelly and Flynn. There were some rattling bouts at single-stick between sundry Lifeguardsmen; some fencing, of which, perhaps, the less said the better; and some excellent wrestling and boxing. Stalwart North countrymen, "taking hold" in that peculiarly loving fashion that rules among the Fells, displayed their skill in "hanks" and "hipes," and equally sturdy Devonians donned the jackets to exemplify the beauties of "out-play" and the use of the toe. But the warmest applause was that bestowed on the wearers of the "mittens." Wary professors dodged and feinted, "got home" and stopped, neatly ducking to avoid, and sliding gracefully and quietly about the stage; and hotter blooded youths rallied and "slogged" and countered in a way fully justifying the quotation that "the British bull-dog will be the British bull-dog still." Considering the way in which we English are continually bragging of our athletic prowess as a nation, we marvel that such entertainments, which are perfectly inoffensive, and far more interesting than mere acrobatic displays, do not meet with more general encouragement.

IN COURT.

A SURVIVOR OF THE "NORTHFLEET."

Charles Over, *alias* Brown, *alias* Rolfe, a bricklayer, and one of the survivors from the *Northfleet*, was brought before the Uxbridge magistrates on the 30th ult., on a warrant, charged with deserting his wife and family. The wife had been an inmate of Hanwell asylum for two years, and the man has recently been imprisoned for neglecting his children, who are now in the Uxbridge Union. On his release from gaol, Over emigrated in the *Northfleet* under the name of Rolfe, and gave a glowing account to the press representatives, under the name of James Brown. The prisoner stated that he would be entitled to £200 from the Relief Fund, and offered to make it over to the guardians. He was remanded.

THE YORKSHIRE FORGERIES.

An application has been made to Mr Justice Brett, in Chambers, in the case of the Rev. Vyvyan Henry Moyle, who, it will be remembered, was a short time since committed by the magistrates to take his trial at the ensuing Yorkshire Assizes on a charge of forgery. The facts of the case are well known, and the application was made by Mr. F. D. Nelson, solicitor, for a summons to show cause why the accused should not be admitted to bail. An affidavit was put in setting forth the nature of the charges, and pointing out that in the evidence which had been adduced it had been admitted that no loss could result to the Mutual Society who had made advances to the prisoner, a portion of the security being the documents alleged to be forgeries, the remainder of the security given being sufficient. Mr. Justice Brett, after looking at the affidavits, and hearing Mr. Nelson, said that, looking at the nature of the charges against the accused, he could not grant the application for a summons, and that bail could not be granted.

"SMOKING," AND SCHOOL FEES.

Mr. Cook, the superintendent of the Chelsea Divisional Committee on the School Board of London, attended at the Hammersmith Police-court in support of a number of summonses against parents for neglecting to send their children to school. In the case of William Rogers, of Mary's-place, Notting-hill, it was stated by the visitor that he had seen the defendant smoking tobacco. The school fee was 2d.—Mr. Ingham asked how much tobacco a man was in the habit of smoking per day.—Mr. Cook said half-an-ounce.—Mr. Ingham (with surprise): Half a pound! (Laughter.)—The gaoler said a good smoker would smoke one ounce a day. That would cost fourpence. —Mr. Ingham: Then half an ounce of tobacco would pay for the schooling of a child.—The defendant said the reason his children were not sent was because they had not any shoes.—The visitor told the magistrate that there was a free school in the neighbourhood, where the children would be admitted without shoes.—The defendant said it was a ragged school, and he objected to send his children to it. Half the children who went there soon learned to steal, and knew more than he did.—Mr. Ingham quite approved of his determination not to send his children to that school. He recommended him to smoke less and send his children to a better school. He adjourned the summons for a month, and, if the defendant sent the children to school he would let him off on the payment of costs.

THE TREATMENT OF FENIAN CONVICTS.

An application has been made to the Court of Queen's Bench on behalf of Daniel Redding, late a convict confined in Chatham and Millbank Prisons, for a rule *nisi*, calling upon Dr. Burns, medical officer of Chatham Prison, and also upon Dr. Wilson, medical officer of the Millbank Prison, to show cause why a criminal information should not be filed against them for assaults committed by them upon the applicant during the time he was incarcerated in those prisons. According to the affidavit of the applicant he had been subjected to positive torture—burning, pricking in the feet, &c.; and though he admitted that he had been subject to paralysis, it was denied that such treatment could be required as medical treatment. An affidavit of a medical man was produced to sustain this view, and the medical man stated that, "assuming such treatment, although it seemed scarcely credible, it was monstrous." According to the applicant these tortures were inflicted, not medically, but to test whether his symptoms were feigned or pretended. On affidavits of such ill-treatment, the Lord Chief Justice granted a rule *nisi*, at the same time expressing a hope that it would not be assumed that these statements were true.

THE CORAM-STREET MURDER.

On the 30th ult., Doctor Henry James Bernard Gottfried Hessel was again brought up before Mr. Vaughan, for further examination, on the charge of murdering Harriett Buswell, at 12, Great Coram-street.

At two o'clock Mr. Vaughan took his seat on the bench, and the prisoner was placed in the dock, preserving throughout the same composed manner which he has always maintained.

Mr. Straight said that one of the great elements in all crimes of this terrible nature was the motive leading to its commission. There could be no doubt that from the character of the wounds inflicted upon the deceased, they were the result of a long-cherished revenge towards her on the part of some former and perhaps discarded acquaintance, and could never have been committed by a man who had met her casually for the first time. It was stated by Mrs. Wright that the unhappy woman's companion ran upstairs to the second-floor, showing that he most likely had some knowledge of the house, and the probability was that when he found the woman asleep, he took the opportunity of carrying out his design to destroy the deceased. The learned counsel then briefly reviewed the evidence by which it was sought to connect the prisoner with the crime. He then called

Carl Wohllebe, who said: I am a chemist and apothecary. I was a passenger on board the *Wangerland*. The ship got in jeopardy on the Goodwin Sands on the 15th December, and she was towed into Ramsgate for repairs. I remember Dr. Hessel, Mrs. Hessel, and myself going to the Royal Hotel at Ramsgate. We stayed there until Sunday, the 22nd. It was arranged between us that we should go to London on the 22nd. We started a little after seven o'clock, and arrived in London about ten in the evening. They went to Kroll's Hotel, where rooms were shown to them. Dr. Hessel and his wife had one room at first, and subsequently a second room, adjoining, was occupied by them. On Monday, the 23rd, the Doctor was taken ill (in the night or morning), and was suffering in the afternoon and evening. On the night of the 24th, Dr. and Mrs. Hessel slept in different rooms, but a door led between the two. On the Christmas morning he said he had taken too much chloral, and his wife said she had heard him wandering in his sleep. I remember coming home with Hermess at one o'clock on Tuesday—the Christmas-eve night. The waiter Christian opened the door. Hermess and I went to bed at once. I passed Dr. Hessel's door. Outside the door I saw the pastor's boots, and I heard him cough in the room. It was the room in which I had seen the Doctor before. Dr. Hessel did not go out with Hermess and myself. On the 28th we all went back to Ramsgate to the Royal Hotel. I remember when I came back from London the stairs of the hotel were being painted. I saw Mrs. Hessel's dress get painted. I told her to use turpentine. I think the Doctor was present.

George Evers, examined by Mr. Straight: I am porter at Kroll's Hotel America-square. I have been there sixteen months. I remember Dr. and Mrs. Hessel, Wohllbe, and Hermess coming to the hotel on the 22nd. I know as a positive fact that the Doctor never left our house from the 23rd to the 26th. He was mostly in the hall. I heard he was ill. I saw the Doctor in bed on the 24th when I took the coals in at ten or eleven. I saw him between seven and eleven in the dining and coffee-rooms several times. I last saw him between ten and eleven that night. I can well remember hearing him cough that night. I knew it because I knew he was ill, and I was later that night than usual.

Ernest Peter Everhard Kroll said: I am proprietor of the hotel in America-square, and a naturalized citizen of London. I know Mr. Hermess, and in consequence of a telegram received from him, I reserved rooms for Dr. Hessel and his wife, who arrived on the Sunday evening, December 22nd. I saw him again about seven on Christmas-eve, in the common dining-room. We were preparing a Christmas-tree in the next room, and the children were decorating it, and Dr. Hessel expressed his pleasure that Christmas was observed here the same as in Germany. The Doctor bade me good night, and retired to bed at eleven. The door is always locked with bolt and key. If I do not take charge of the key. Christian, my waiter, does, and I believe he did on the night in question. I went to bed at half-past one on the Christmas morning. Shortly before twelve, however, I heard the Doctor's bell ring. I told Christian to answer it, and he did. I next saw the Doctor at two o'clock on Christmas-day. He did not go out at all on Christmas-day. On the 26th he went out with his wife, and on the 28th he left altogether. The Doctor had only one grey suit while he was at my place. He never had pimples on his face.

After some further evidence, fully establishing the innocence of the accused,

Mr. Vaughan said: To my mind it has been conclusively shown that Dr. Hessel was not the companion of the murdered woman on that evening. (Immense cheering and waving of hats.) This case has been most fully investigated here, and the witnesses on both sides have been subjected to a close and searching cross-examination, and I am satisfied that the witnesses who have spoken to the identity of Dr. Hessel are entirely in error. But even supposing that their evidence had been stronger and free from discrepancies, I should have considered that the case on the part of the prosecution had been entirely destroyed by the evidence of the witnesses for the defence. (Cheers.) It is therefore my duty, and a duty which I discharge with great satisfaction to myself, to state that the prisoner is released, as far as I can see, and I can say that he leaves this court without suspicion.

This announcement was received with such shouting and cheering the equal of which, perhaps, has never been heard in the court before. An enormous crowd had assembled in the street, and, although it was quite dark some of them recognised Dr. Hessel as he left the court, and started the cheers, which were immediately taken up by the whole assembly, who continued cheering the Doctor all the way up Bow-street.

THE PSEUDO RUSSIAN PRINCE.

Zeccheriah Basilius Zachiroff, the young Greek, who pleaded guilty at the last session to the charge of having extensively defrauded a merchant at Constantinople, named Emanuel Hephistides, was brought up for judgment the Central Criminal Court. It will be at remembered that the prisoner assumed the title of Prince Gortchacoff, and was living in great style at Brussels under that name when arrested.

Mr. Straight, who appeared for the prosecution, said that since the last session prisoner had fulfilled his undertaking to indemnify Mr. Hephistides as far as he could, and therefore he had to ask that the prisoner might be set at liberty on his own recognizance to appear and receive judgment if called upon.

The Deputy-Recorder acquiesced, and the prisoner, having given bail in the sum of £100, was released.

THE CHARGE AGAINST AN AMERICAN BANKER.

At ihe Central Criminal Court the grand jury returned a true bill against Mr. Robert Bowles, who is charged with having fraudulently disposed of certain securities entrusted to his firm, Bowles Brothers & Co., American Bankers, for safety.

A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

In the Bail Court the action at Nisi Prius, Pall *v.* Deane, was heard.

This was an action for breach of promise of marriage. The defendant pleaded the usual pleas.

The parties became acquainted several years ago. The plaintiff was a dressmaker, and the daughter of a master builder. The defendant was formerly a grocer's assistant, but now the proprietor of the establishment in New-street, Covent-garden, which he had formerly managed. The parties first met in 1863. The defendant visited her at the father's house, and a voluminous correspondence took place between them, extending over several years. The first letter read was described as the coolest of the whole, and it was also said that each subsequent letter increased in warmth and affection. It commenced "Dear Nelly," and asked her to excuse him for not commencing in the usual orthodox fashion, but it concluded thus:—"May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek—(laughter)—and the pleasure of imagination attend thy dreams.—(Loud laughter.)—With kindest love," &c. A letter, dated February, 1868, was referred to, as showing that matters were getting warmer:—"The oftener I see you the more I want you.—(Laughter.) Oh, how I long for your company, and hear your own dear sweet voice.—(Renewed laughter.) I can't write more, because I have to serve other members of society."—(Meaning, the learned counsel observed, the grocer's shop.) "With fondest love," &c. Another letter states, "You have been so kind as to give me one of the first sweets in the flowers of affection."—(Laughter.) Another, dated 31st March:—"My dearest Nelly.—Give me your lovely lips and your darling heart as a fresh assurance of your love, my precious angel.—(Roars of laughter). Your fond, affectionate, and loving John." Another contained the following:—"To the one I love—to the one I live for—the one I would die for (if required).—(Renewed laughter.) Ever your affectionate and dear John." The next letter read commenced:—"My own darling, do not think that you will tire me in writting. If you were to get a big box of pens, ten dozen bottles of ink, and a thousand quires of paper you would not write to me more than I should be delighted to read."—(Roars of laughter.) The last letter commenced:—"My darling, fond, devoted and affectionate Nelly, I sink happily to rest, because to-morrow is Wednesday, and to-morrow will bring you. Sleep on, fair lady, and dream those dreams of universal happiness. No, they are not universal; they are but like the Sabbath, that too quickly passes away."

Mr. Justice Quain: Do you think it necessary to read any more of these amatory utterances?

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine: We say the promise was finally broken off in August, 1869.

Mr. Cole said he did not read them to prove the promise of marriage. The defence was that they were not to marry until they were in good circumstances, and that the plaintiff voluntarily broke it off, but that he should meet with the positive statement of the plaintiff that she was ready to wait until the defendant was in good circumstances; and the best evidence that he was ready and willing and able to marry was that he had recently married the daughter of his master, for whom he managed the business.

The plaintiff was called. She positively denied that she had released the defendant from his promise to marry her. She was always ready and willing to marry him.

At the conclusion of the plaintiff's case, the further hearing was adjourned.

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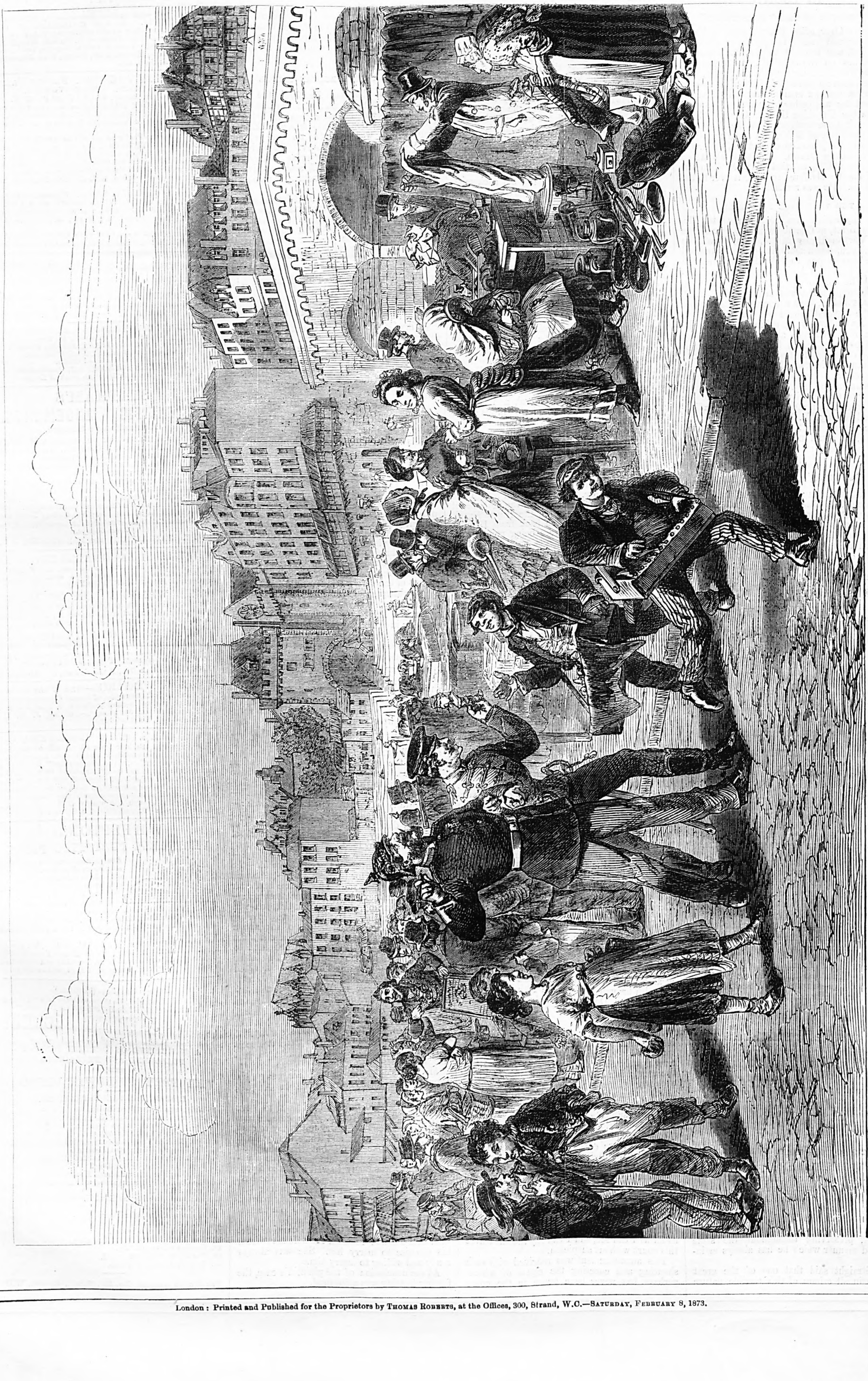

THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF METZ.—Sketched near the Bridge of St. George.

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